

Silent Worker

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

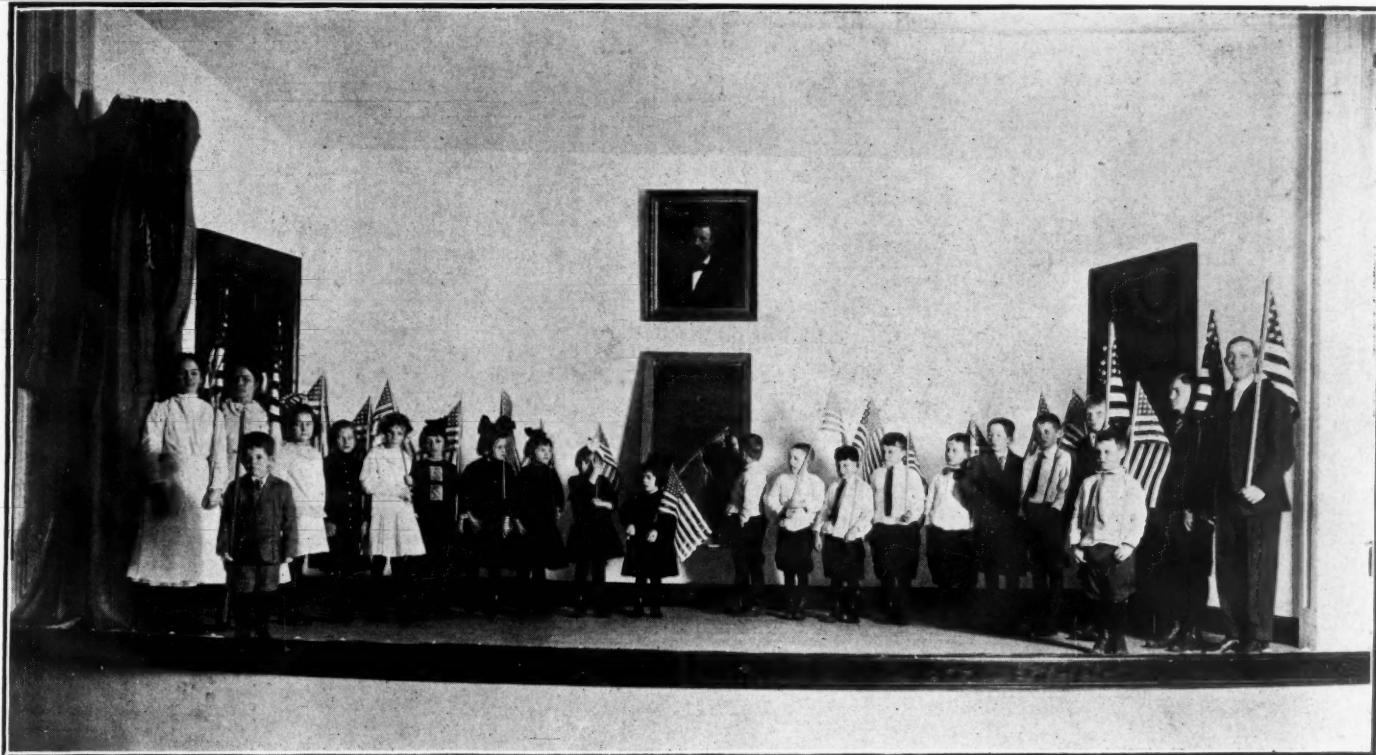
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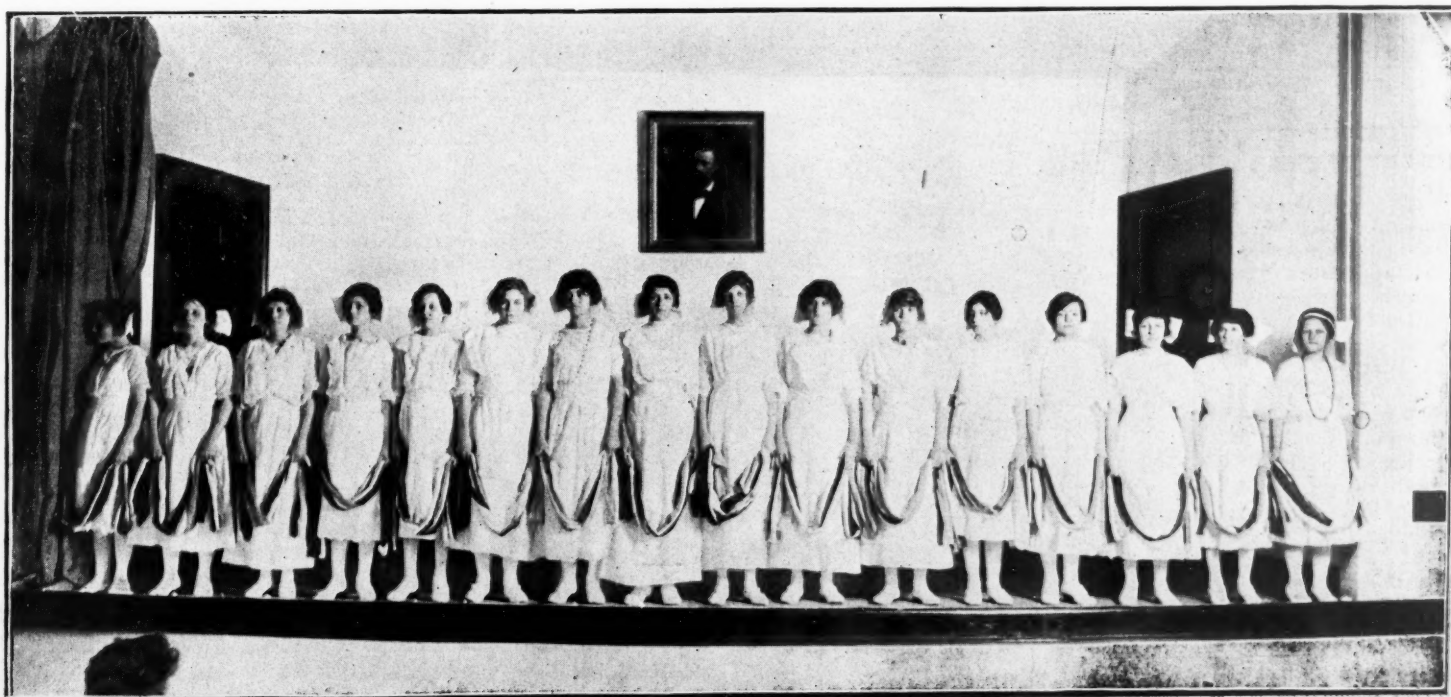
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Washington's Birthday Celebration at the Alabama School

By J. H. McFARLANE



FLAG DRILL, DRAWING THE NATIONAL COLORS



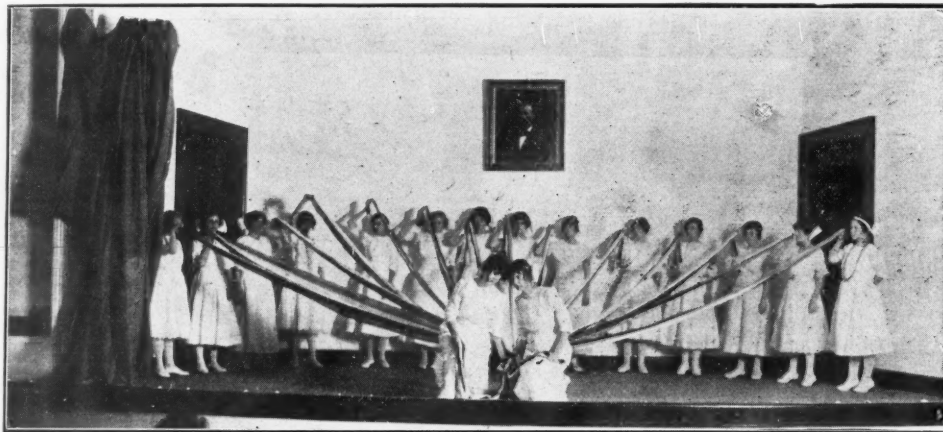
RED, WHITE AND BLUE DRILL, No. 1



PLEASING deviation from the wide-spread custom among our schools of holding a masquerade on Washington's Birthday was found in the thrilling yet fittingly dignified program with which the Alabama School honored the birthday of the Father of our country. It was a good illustration of what an entertainment held on February 22nd should be and we pass along some idea of it for the benefit of other schools.

The spirit of Washington is often represented gazing with disapproval on some of our twentieth century innovations. In fact, it has lately come out that the Father of the country was a superior being of the good old times, who would not stoop to shake hands with the best society leaders of to-day. In the light of this how must the shade of Washington view the hideous shows and masquerades gotten off on the evening of his birthday—as if there were no other day in the three hundred sixty-five that would better be disfigured with them! 'Twould be bad enough in the society that throngs public dance halls, but that our schools and colleges should devote to farcical frolic the date that marks the most illustrious name in American history speaks ill for the rising generation.

It was with extreme gratification, therefore, that we beheld the Washington's Birthday program which the accompanying photographs illustrate—one that the immortal George need not have blushed to look upon. It was a "combined system" program—most of the recitations being delivered orally under the efficient coaching of one of the sanest corps of oralists in the country. "Why, they can talk," was the exclamation of approval that greeted the embryo orators who spoke their pieces so as to be heard in the farthest corner of the hall. Yes, the theme—the only



"RED, WHITE AND BLUE" DRILL, No. 2

politician of whom it is recorded that he never told anything the color of the yellow journals—was so great that it made even the dumb to speak, which was one of the best-staged triumphs for the oral method we ever saw. But when the Indians in solemn confab took the platform the sign-language was surely in order; in fact it would have been sacrilegious—an outrage to the esthetic sense to have broken the beautiful spell of the Red Men's Silent parlance with the oral method.

The biggest feature of the entertainment was the "Red, White and Blue" drill prettily executed in twenty-nine different formations by sixteen daughters of the new South. Nothing is more effective in inspiring reverence for the national colors than to have them displayed in a living array of combinations by a bevy of patriotic school girls. The famous Fanwood cadets never

reeled off (to use the language of the "movies") anything quite so fantastic as the figures executed by those sixteen girls.

The boys who played the part of the Red Men, a necessary adjunct to show up the matchless nerve of Washington, the warrior, put their own vivid rendering onto the historical tale of the great soldier's encounter with the treacherous Indian guide. Young Washington, in this choice bit of the reel, was made to put, singlehanded, almost a whole tribe of the whooping savages to flight without firing a shot!

A tableau entitled, "Betsy Ross and the Flag" fitted into the program with such charm as to fascinate everybody present, including the mayor of the town, J. W. Vandiver. The latter remarked in the "complimentary close" to the program which he was given occasion to make, that he was pleasantly surprised to find "Betsy Ross" (unlike the pictures of her presented in the school books,) looking so young and pretty.

Continuing his talk his honor assayed to contribute something toward the amusement of the evening in return for what he had just received from the pantomimic stunts of the pupils. Accordingly he told them a joke which centered on the word "widow," but found to his dismay that nobody among the silent listeners laughed, the point of the joke having been worn off in its translation. This failure to make a hit was more than made up for further on when the speaker was startled by explosive laughter at his reference to a "humbug." Evidently the pupils had laughed at the wrong place! No, they hadn't either, as his honor afterwards found out when he saw the point as presented in signs. Then he admitted with good grace that his joke had proved a boomerang and that the laugh was on himself.



ACROSTIC, "WASHINGTON"

DANGER TO THE DEAF IN THE DARK

Danger and death also lurk in the darkness, as a shout of caution or a challenge is unheard. Several times in the past quarter of century the Journal has recorded examples of this lamentable kind. Some years ago, in the South, as well known and highly respected deaf teacher of the deaf was shot dead in the hall of one of his friends, because he did not respond to a challenge and was mistaken for a burglar.

Only a week or two ago a deaf-mute boy, fourteen years old, who had run away from school in South Carolina, was shot in mistake for a robber, at a house where he had called in the night to ask for a drink water. His name is said to be Louis Duncan, and fortunately his wounds are not fatal. Still, like the others that have been chronicled from time to time, the story should be a warning to deaf persons of the danger of making unexpected calls after nightfall.—*Journal*.

He who can at all times sacrifice pleasure to duty approaches sublimity.—*Lavater*.

SONS OF DEAF PARENTS

The following sons of deaf parents are superintendents of the different schools for the deaf:

W. K. Argo, Colorado.
E. C. Rider, Northern New York.
E. S. Tillinghast, Oregon.
Howard Simpson, South Dakota.
F. W. Booth, Nebraska.
Frank Read, Jr., Oklahoma.

Mrs. Delight Rice Webber, daughter of deaf parents, is principal of the school for the deaf in the Philippines Islands if we are not mistaken.

The fathers of Supts. Rider and Simpson respectively founded the Malone (N. Y.) and South Dakota schools and became first superintendents. They held the offices for many years.

The father of Supt. Booth was called the father of the Iowa School for the Deaf because of helping to found the school.

Mr. Argo was superintendent of the Kentucky school before he became head of the Colorado school.

E. P. Clarke, son of deaf parents, was at one time superintendent of the Central New York school, located at Rome.—*Kansas Star*.

HELEN KELLER AIDS A CRIPPLED MINER

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Dec 21.

Steward Edwards, with a leg just amputated and other permanent injuries from a coal mine accident, lying in a hospital cursing his ill luck and wanting to die, was told the story of the life of Helen Keller, who was here for a lecture.

"If she can do all that for herself and others, you bet I can get along," he said.

When Miss Keller was told of the incident, she wrote on a typewriter. "To the man in the hospital who must begin life over again heavily handicapped, your friend—Helen Keller," and inclosing at \$20 bill, sent the message to him as she was leaving to spend Christmas with her mother at the Alabama home.—*Phila. North American*.

On Friday evening, Dec. 19th, at the Deaf and Dumb Church, Wright-street, Adelaide, South Australia, a social was tendered to Mr. E. Salas, who has just completed 21 years of faithful service to the South Australian deaf and dumb. Mr. Salas is just 50 years old, and a purse of sovereigns was presented to him as a birthday gift.

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



NELLIE ROUNTREE (girl), 5 years old.
LANGSTAN ROUNTREE (boy), 3 years old.
DENNIS ROUNTREE (Boy) 9 months

Photo. by Mac.

THE KING OF MUSICIANS



WILL defy my fate; it shall never drag down! Thus Beethoven spoke when at last he learned that the dark cloud of deafness would never more be lifted from his life. So clouded that life was, like his own "Sonata Pathétique," with its minor strains, to which the multitude listens with sadness and awe; but when the master musician hurls defiance at destiny and bravely conquers despair, he earns the ovation of the world that hears the soul-stirring chords of the noble "Symphony Heroic."

The musical genius Ludwig Van Beethoven, was, in December, 1770, in the town of Bonn, on the Rhine. His parents were poor, plain people. The mother, whose name was Mary Magdalena, was an excellent woman, to whom alone the artist owed the brightest memories of youth. His father was a talented musician, but so intemperate, so ill-natured, and coarse that he cast a dull shadow of unhappiness on the home of his children. Ludwig early showed talent for music, and the father, eager to make money through his son, forced this study to the exclusion of all else, so that ere long he almost hated the lessons given by the reckless, impatient father.

Finally, seeing his mistake, the father allowed Ludwig to attend school, where the boy made rapid progress, and at 15 was far enough advanced to gain the position of assistant organist at the Court Chapel. The Elector of Cologne, a musical man of high ideals, took a sincere interest in the youth and provided funds for him to study in Vienna with Mozart, then at the zenith of musical glory. Beethoven was charmed with the beautiful Austrian capital, where musical refinement was carried to the highest pitch and where the court was music-mad. The new pupil at the first interview with Mozart so well extemporized a strange theme that the teacher remarked to a third person; "Keep your eyes on him; he will one day make a noise in the world."

Few lessons had been taken before Beethoven was called home to the side of his dying mother, a profound sorrow to the son, who loved her with his whole heart and soul. However, the youth bravely tried to be all in all to his two younger brothers, for the father's intemperance had so increased that he was helpless to provide for his family or himself. Ludwig cheerfully supported

the family. He taught music, though he hated teaching, as it took precious time from the important work of composition. After a few years, however, he had the good fortune to attract the notice and approval of Haydn, who was already an elderly man. Haydn took Beethoven to Vienna, acting himself as musical cicerone. In the city young Beethoven might have enjoyed much social diversion, but rather chose to devote all his time to enthusiastic musical study. The master and pupil failed to agree, for Haydn was too courtly a man of the world, too academic and conventional in music, for the taste of his self-reliant, free genius of the younger musician, and, after many disagreements, the two parted and Beethoven struck out in his own truly original way.

Beethoven first became famous through his wonderful powers of improvisation, which attracted the Viennese public. The short, strongly knit frame, the massive face, determined mouth, deep-set eyes, flashing from beneath a noble brow crowned by masses of raven hair—how familiar were these features to the music lovers of that day.

The musician laughed slyly at the adulation he received and remarked dryly that he wondered that the ladies did not put him under a glass case.

One of his brothers, in whom prosperity led to pride, called, leaving his card, signed thus:

"John Van Beethoven,

The musician returned the compliment by sending to the brother his own card, on which he wrote:

Ludwig Van Beethoven,

Brain Proprietor."

Beethoven's nature was passionately loving, but he was destined to lonely starvation of the affection. All his attachments were for women hopelessly beyond him in rank, and while his affairs of the heart were many and well known to society, they were always honorable to the point of quixotism, which showed the truthfulness and fine self-control of the great soul, who detested the moral of vagaries of the so-called artistic temperament. The Philistines might smile at such orthodox views, but they will never understand that genius is far too independent of convention to abuse it. So tediousness and pathos, is as far beyond their understanding as was his art.

The musician was never a social favorite. Prince and peasant alike were treated by Beethoven with the same brusque manners, which were due to his early lack of training. Yet many staunch friendships were made, though by people in general he was sadly misunderstood. In the presence of nature he was always at home and happy. He loved nothing better than long rural walks, when he would think and dream of his grand compositions. Music was to him his world; but his best work was not produced till ripe years were reached. At 25 he published his first work, when he simply shattered all the shackles of tradition in technique. Soon after his deafness became noticeable, and he was lured from doctor to doctor, with alternating moods of hope and despair, until at 30 years of age his hearing was given up as hopeless. The musician, doomed to total deafness; what tragedy was ever more complete? Yet who could have more nobly borne this heavy burden? In the sustaining faith of religion, in the sweet company of his sublime harmonies, many consolations were found, and he says: "He who can enter into the spirit of my music will be beyond the reach of the world's misery!"

Great was the admiration of Beethoven for Napoleon and while the later was First Consul the musician dedicated to him his wonderful "Sinfonia Eroica;" but hearing that Napoleon had accepted the imperial crown Beethoven impetuously tore off the dedication sheet of the symphony and trampled it under foot as he exclaimed: "Ah, after all, he, like other men, will be a tyrant!"

Beethoven scarcely left Vienna except for a concert tour in Northern Germany in 1795. The invitation to play for the London Philharmonic had to be declined because of ill health. To a friend he wrote: "I live but in my music. Daily I

(Continued on page 148)



SOUTHERN LASSIES ENJOY SOME REAL SNOW!

Photo. by Mac.

ERNSTOGRAPHS

By J. E. GALLAHER

Subject:—The Deaf in Journalism



HAVE long believed that Journalism is a good profession for the extra smart deaf to follow, and have been wondering why so few of them are engaged in it. There are three ways by which the work can be taken up. First, by entering a School of Journalism. The authorities presumably have a system of their own in securing graduates positions. Second, learning the printer's trade and afterward securing a position as editorial writer or general newspaper man on some periodical. There is an office in New York whose business is to supply newspapers and magazines with editors, assistant editors and reporters, and they are continually advertising for more applicants. Periodicals allied with the printing trade contain advertisements wanting newspaper men. Third, starting a newspaper of your own or buying one out. This with or without being a practical printer.

In years gone by we had a number of deaf editors or publishers of newspapers, but they were of the mushroom variety and were run by men of no superior intelligence. It would be foolhardy for a deaf owner of a newspaper to attempt to run it all by himself with some cheap help. He should have a bright man to do all the talking with customers for him, keeping himself in the background as much as possible. The reason is that a great many people—educated folk at that—have a prejudice against doing business with a deaf person. This is the experience and advice of W. L. Hill, who has been successfully conducting a newspaper for 40 years. He has his son associated with him in the business, and this young man looks after the business office while the father confines himself to editing, writing, correcting and supervising work in the composing room. The late Edmund Booth, of Anamosa, Iowa, was another famous deaf newspaper man. He had his business conducted in this way; at first two of his sons were associated with him, but later one left to become a noted educator of the deaf.

Some time ago I wrote to the Director of the School of Journalism of Columbia University, New York, inquiring as to the opportunities for deaf graduates of Gallaudet College in that school. His letter given below deserves careful reading. It will be seen that exceptions as to courses could be made in the case of one who is deaf, as is done in hearing colleges where a deaf student is admitted, and that there is nothing to prevent a bright deaf man from becoming a student.

MR. J. ERNST GALLAHER,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—The School of Journalism offers the same opportunities for graduates of the National College for the Deaf at Washington which it offers to those of any other institution competent to take the work. The admission of any one person would depend upon his or her special qualifications. Technical work in the fourth year is scarcely any of it at the desk. It nearly all depends upon moving around gathering news directly. A man who could do work as a reporter could do this work if he had the other qualifications needed as to study. I have known men who have begun as reporters and who have lost their hearing in their late 30's or 40's, who succeeded in doing work when their training was acquired, and experience large, and their positions and acquaintance such that business men were willing to take trouble in order to talk to them. As these cases are few, I doubt whether a man who had to depend on mouth reading unless he was extraordinarily skillful could be successful as a reporter. He might work into magazine work but the course in the School of Journalism primarily proposes to train a man for daily newspaper work and its reporting courses are necessary for its degree. At the same time

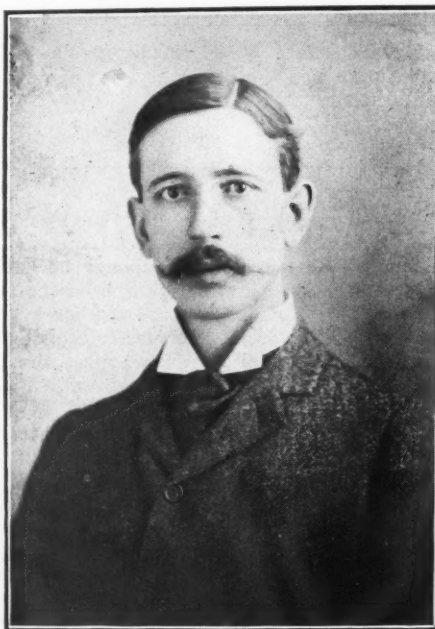
the usual discretion exists in substituting other courses, and I can only repeat what I said before, that the question as to the admission of a graduate from the National College for the Deaf would depend upon each case as it came up.

Yours sincerely,

TALCOTT WILLIAMS,
Director and Professor of Journalism.

The leading deaf of Minnesota are famous for accomplishing results on a scale out of the ordinary. A few instances will suffice to show this.

About a dozen years ago one of them, in conjunction with a number of hearing people, initiated a real estate investment scheme which has since grown to huge proportions, representing a value of more than half a million dollars. Unincumbered central business property is the basis of security, and the company does not owe a



GEO. H. ALLEN

Late Editor of Different Papers and State Official

dollar of debt. I refrain from giving the name of the deaf man who is responsible for this successful business enterprise because I have not had any previous arrangements with The Silent Worker as to rates for reading matter advertisements.

Another deaf Minnesotan, tiring of punching his number in the time clock for Uncle Sam in the Minneapolis post office, looked longingly to the Dakotas as a place to start a state school for the deaf and have a small army of others serve him as he had served Uncle Sam. When he confided to his employer what he had decided to do he was told to go to the devil, and to Devil's Lake he went. He astonished the natives out there, including the horned ones supposed to inhabit the lake, by building up a fine school. Not making money fast enough as head of a school (they never do who walk the straight and narrow path), he quit his job and some time later branched out in the manufacturing business in the city famed for its beauty, its many lakes and its clean streets. There you will find him today, contented and happy, but if you ask him how much his income from his business amounts to, he will give you the same reply he got from his post-office employer when he told him he was going to the Dakotas. The only reason I do not give his name is I fear he would be overrun with orders for merchandise envelopes.

Another product of the Minnesota school gave ample evidence to the world that the deaf are not feeble-minded, in spite of the opinion of certain learned folk, by inventing a storm sash and screen hinge hanger. Thousands of dollars' worth of goods under his patent are manufactured every year, and the deaf inventor is living on easy street. Would I give his name? Not unless he sends me one of his inventions.

Who has not heard of the deaf son of a famous miller of Minneapolis who has made a name for himself as an artist and has traveled all over the world? [I can tell you confidentially that the money he uses in his travels was not all made from the sale of his works.] He, too, is a graduate of the Minnesota school. His name? Go to any up-to-date grocer and he will tell you. It is not for me to sing his praises any more than that of the baker, the butcher or the candle-stick maker.

Lives there an educated deaf man or woman with soul so dead as not to have heard of a famous deaf architect who graduated from the Minnesota school? I really must not give his name, for I know only too well the clannish nature of the deaf. They would straightway overwhelm him with orders for drawing plans for their homes, summer and winter resorts, and garages, the latter especially.

I might continue in this strain until my wife emerged from the bed room in her night cap, holding a candle in her hand, and bumped me on the head to remind me it was past bedtime. I shall now devote my attention to a noteworthy case of a deaf Minnesotan who made a name for himself as an editor, and later as a state official.

Geo. H. Allen

The gentleman alluded to is the late George H. Allen, who died on October 9, 1913. He is another of the graduates of the Minnesota School who has brought it fame and lustre. His successful career on different newspapers should point the way to others to succeed in a journalistic capacity, which is the reason I give his sketch.

Becoming deaf at the age of six years, Mr. Allen was entered as a pupil of the Minnesota school, where he remained eight years. Of an unusually bright mind and possessing a genial and fun-loving disposition he was a favorite with all. He entered Gallaudet College in the fall of 1881, but after remaining a few months was obliged to leave on account of impaired health. He was a teacher in the school of his alma mater for a few months, and after resigning engaged in the merchant tailoring business in Marshalltown, Iowa. There he was married to Miss Mary Sumbards, a hearing lady. Quitting the tailoring business he became associated with his brother in the newspaper business in Brookings, S. D. It was a weekly, and Mr. Allen's editorials attracted notice, with the result that he was offered a position on the editorial staff of the Sioux City Daily Tribune, a position which he held for several years. Later he received and accepted an offer of the position of managing editor of a daily paper in Winona, Minn. When this paper suspended publication Mr. Allen obtained control of a daily and weekly at Red Wing, Minn. But lung trouble compelled him to dispose of his business and to go to Arizona by orders of his physician. In Arizona he engaged in newspaper work, first on the Bisbee Review and later on the Arizona Gazette. He soon made a name for himself throughout the state by his editorials, which were unusually fine and forceful. His writings had great influence on politics in the state. The Gazette was bought out by opposing political influences, and when

Mr. Allen refused to sacrifice political principles to expediency, he was retired from editorial work. The Governor, a strong personal friend, appointed him Secretary of the Sheep Sanitary Commission. A year ago his health broke down, and he was more or less of an invalid. As a mark of respect the offices of the Capitol were closed on the day of his funeral, the flag was at half mast, and a number of leading state officials attended the ceremonies. Mr. Allen had a fine command of language, a facile pen, and had a forceful and convincing way of expressing himself. He was progressive in his beliefs and was for the rights of the people first, last and all time.

W. L. Hill

This man, although he mingles but little with his deaf brethren, is one of the shining gradu-



W. L. HILL, M.A.
Editor and owner, Athol Transcript

ates of Gallaudet College, and had among his classmates Professor Draper and Mr. McGregor. He became deaf at the age of twelve, consequently his speech has remained good ever since. He is today the oldest deaf editor and publisher in the United States, both in years and length of time in the business. He is 63, and with the exception of three years has been the sole owner of the Athol Transcript.

The paper is a weekly, and is exceptionally well arranged and filled with local news, which is its strong point. The advertising patronage, on which the owner depends for his main income, is liberal.

Mr. Hill has four children, all grown up, and his wife is a hearing lady who is a member of several clubs. His children, as well as Mr. Hill himself, are members of different organizations. This helps to advertise the Transcript and to indirectly influence more or less patronage. Since he can speak well his communication with people is by word of mouth, while the people write to him. With strangers he endeavors to keep himself in the background as much as possible as explained above, because people as a rule do not like to do business with a deaf man. His oldest son is his valuable assistant, and has been associated with him for 20 years.

Several years ago the Transcript initiated a movement for an "Old Home Day" celebration. This proved a great success, many former residents of the town coming to attend. The population of the place is about nine thousand. Again, in June, 1912, there was another big celebration, this time in honor of the 150th anniversary of

the town of Athol. The above two events originated in the brain of Mr. Hill, and goes to show how he can "do things." It is needless to say he has held many offices during the 40 years of his services as a journalist, and is among the town's best known and highly respected citizens.

In reply to my inquiry Mr. Hill replied as follows; blooming as well as future deaf editors would do well to heed the advice of a sage in journalism:

"I think printing and journalism are good work for deaf men if they are capable and have tact and good business sense. I don't think I could advise them to go into it alone. They would be better off to work in conjunction with or for others. It is mighty hard to induce people to do business with you when deaf. I got a hold here when very young and when the town was small. Everybody knew me and I knew everybody. As the town grew to be a big manufacturing center with hundreds of strangers coming in, my troubles grew, and it has been a constant fight to keep hold. I have had sharp competition all my life, and never so great as now."

W. W. Beadell

Mr. Beadell's experience has been derived from six newspapers. Before he was twenty he had learned the mechanical end of both job and newspaper work, including composition and press-work—job and cylinder. He had also subbed at the local desk on a country daily and did more or less skirmishing for local news. Then he brushed up what he had learned in the public schools in spite of his deafness, and hid himself to Gallaudet College.

Within two months after graduating he became the proud possessor in fee simple of his



W. W. BEADELL, B.A.,
Editor and owner, Arlington Observer

first newspaper and job plant. It was out near Freeport, in Pearl City, Ill. He ran it for five years and then sold it for three times what he paid for it, only to kick himself for not having previously accepted an offer amounting to six times the first cost.

Next he became manager and editor of a sixty-year old weekly in Vermont, expecting to be given a chance to purchase it later. It took him five years to find out that the owner, a rich old bachelor, wouldn't part with it. Then he went to Arlington, to the shadows of Manhattan's skyscrapers and bought out the Observer,

a weekly. That was nearly 12 years ago. The business has grown with the rapid growth of the town, and he has been quite contented. He has had many offers of purchase, but feels that his youthful days are over, and hopes to stick there.

In the mere matter of making good at a desk in a newspaper office Mr. Beadell believes the same conditions would apply to both hearing and deaf men. That is, it would be a question of adaptability alone. Jobs of the kind do not go by favor in an editorial room; it is the man who shows he can deliver the goods that wins the prize.

He says there is no reason at all why a competent deaf man should not make good in his own plant. By competence he means knowing the business from the ground up; starting at the bottom and learning all there is about the busi-



"DAT AM SURE SOME BIRD"
(Photo. by Mac.)

ness, and then adding some horse sense to his methods of doing it. "Fine writin'" has mighty little to do with it. There are thousands of prosperous country, and not a few city papers that would make Lindley Murry kick the lid off his lurial costume, concludes this journalistic friend of mine who married a hearing daughter of a college professor.

The noted satirist, Anatole France, has recently written a one-act comedy styled, "The Comedy of Him who Wedded a Mute." It deals with a judge of the middle ages who married a wife who was dumb. In all other respects she was a model of what a good wife should be. Not satisfied with conditions as they were, the judge yearned to hear his wife speak. Accordingly he had recourse to a famous physician who performed an operation that restored speech to the woman. Too late the judge learned that silence is golden, for his wife, to make up for years of enforced silence, pursued him with her chatter all day long. Finally the poor judge called in the physician to undo the miracle he had performed. This the physician professed himself unable to do, but said that he could instead make the judge deaf. Willing to do anything for relief, the judge agreed, and was made stone deaf. Thereafter all went on happily in that household. The wife talked all she wanted to and the husband was not at all disturbed. Evidently lip-reading and the sign-language had not been invented at that time.—*The Companion*.

The inward pleasures of imparting pleasure—that is the choicest of all.—*Hawthorne*.

FROM THE OLD WORLD

Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdlle. Yvonne Pitrois.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTIAN
Twelfth Letter



Our sisters on the other side of the Ocean, the deaf women of America, I intend more specially to-day this article, relating the life of one of the best and noblest deaf women ever had in France.

More than a century ago, in 1806, on a bright and sunny morning in May, some workmen of Paris going to their daily work heard pitiful and plaintive groanings which seemed to come up from a doorway. When they came nearer, they saw, lying on the pavement, a little white bundle. One of the men bent down, took it, and cried out in amazement. It was a new born baby, a little forsaken girl!

Poor dear little one! exclaimed the rough men, seized by compassion. What were they going to do with her? Surely, several of them would have liked to adopt her, but they were poor, and none dared to do so. They brought their finding to the nearest police station; the child was given a suckling bottle on which she threw herself greedily. The commissary of police ordered an inquiry to be made in the district, in view to find her parents, but no trace of them was ever discovered! Then, the abandoned infant was inscribed on the register of the Social State under the names of Marie-Jeanne Meunier, and sent to the Asylum of the Enfants-Trouves,—a home managed by nuns for the rescuing of orphans and foundlings.

When baby Marie-Jeanne grew into a little girl, her tiny feet were able to run about to and fro in the Asylum, but her voice never mingled with that of her little companions to talk, to laugh, to cry out, to repeat the nursery rythmes their nurse taught to them. Several times, she was chided and scolded because she had not answered to the mistresses calls, or had done things that were forbidden to the children....till it was discovered that it was not at all her fault if she had done so: she had not heard orders or directions, she was deaf and dumb, probably from birth!

Happily, in spite of her heavy handicap, she possessed such a sweet and charming disposition that she won all hearts. The nuns easily made her understand them by natural signs, and soon the girl became their most willing helper, their right arm. Very active, she made herself useful in all ways; she nursed the youngest babies of the Home, helped them to walk, made them play, gave them their soup to eat, lulled them in their cradles. Or, holding a broom taller than herself, swept up the dust of the rooms; or still, in the kitchen, washed the cups and plates, picked the vegetables. Nobody could tell a word of praise to the brave little woman, but when one of the nuns gave her a little petting her somewhat plain face brightened and became radiant with joy!

Jeanne-Marie remained in the Asylum till she was nearly fifteen years old. At last, the Sisters, understanding that they were unable to teach her, placed her, as a free pupil, in the National Institution for the Deaf in Paris, which, at this epoch, received pupils of both sexes and was headed by the Abbe Sicard, first successor of the Abbe de l'Epee.

The girl was taught by mimicry and the manual alphabet. She was very intelligent, without being bright, and, very studious, and soon attained the same level as her comrades who had began their studies several years before her. She was always noted for her excellent conduct and beauti-

ful character. So, when she had finished her school course, she was allowed to remain always at the Institution as seamstress or sewing mistress.

From morn to dawn, in the large, clear white workroom of the Institution, the young woman was busy cutting and sewing the linen and clothes of the pupils. During several hours daily, too, she gathered around her the little deaf girls, prepared their work, taught them to make pretty seams, threaded the needles or untangled the threads. She was always kind, always patient with every one. She led, in this great Abode of



MADemoiselle MARIE-JEANNE MEUNIER

Silence, the most beautiful and saintly life that can be imagined. When a pupil, boys or girls, was ill, she asked as a favor to nurse them and spent day after day, night after night watching over them in the Infirmary. There was at this epoch in the Institution a poor deaf girl, who had become blind too, Octavie Morrisseau; Jeanne-Marie was her guide, her interpreter, her comforter.

It was a glorious era of the National Institution When Jean Massieu, the celebrated deaf-mute, favorite pupil of Sicard, was a teacher there, before he went to found in France two other important schools for the deaf. Another illustrious former pupil, Ferdinand Berthier, taught also in the Institution, and in the meantime, wrote his books and organized the Universal Association of the deaf-mutes. Other deaf teachers still propagated the world wide fame of the school,—as Laurent Clerc had done some years before when departing with Gallaudet to found the Hartford School in America. Deaf artists, painters and sculptors also attracted the general attention. But the humble, devoted workman was ignored by every one, outside the walls of the institution, and inside, her presence was only revealed by the good she made to each and all, as the presence of the sweet violet hidden in the moss is only revealed by its exquisite scent!

However, something was puzzling and paining all those who know and loved Marie-Jeanne; it was her severe economy, the life of constant deprivations she imposed on herself. First, she had no regular wages, but after several years of work, she was allowed an annual sum of 300 francs,—60 dollars; later on she received 350 francs,—70 dollars a year! Well! Never did she take the slightest pleasure, the most innocent relaxation, never did she consent to make an expense not absolutely necessary.

"Marie-Jeanne," sometimes said to her by companions of the workroom, "you must be cold in this thin, worn out dress! Buy another one!"

"What for?" she replied smilingly; "winter is soon away, and with my shawl I am not cold at all, I assure you!"

"Marie-Jeanne," the girl pupils ran to tell her, "to-morrow we are going to the country for a pic-nic, each will share the expense, do come with us!"

"No, no," answered the sewing mistress, kindly but firmly. "you know I never go anywhere. You will tell me about your party, it will give me as much pleasure as if I had been myself with you!"

The deaf girls went away disappointed. Some of them thought: "What an eccentric!" Some others even muttered: "What a miser!" For none of them knew Jeanne-Marie's secret. They ignored the fact that every penny she saved up was carefully kept aside. For what purpose? God was the only one, with her, to know it!

Year after year passed by. In 1860, the girl pupils were sent to Bordeaux, and the Paris National Institution remained only intended for boys. Melle. Meunier was kept in Paris to direct the linen-room. It was a great sorrow to her to be separated from her girl friends and pupils, but, in her affection for the house that had been her real home, for the deaf and dumb boys that surrounded her, she found still contentment and happiness for several years.

Then old age came to the humble workwoman. She was nearly seventy, when she was taken ill. Knowing that her end was near, she gave all directions for her obsequies, showing still the strange meanness that had predominated over all her life.

"I wish," she repeated, "to have a very simple burial. On my grave, nothing but a cross of wood, so that my friends can find my resting place and come to pray on it."

Melle. Meunier quietly died in the peace of God, on January 18th, 1877.

Then, in a drawer of her room, was found a sum of several thousand francs, a little fortune! and a legacy which declared this:

"I give and bequeath to the National Institution every thing I possess, in purpose to pay every year the outfit of one or several poor deaf and dumb children. This sum is the amount of my wages, hoarded up penny after penny during all my life, since the very first day I was paid for my work. I was so happy to spare and save all my money, thinking that a day to come, it could help some poor deaf children to be received in the Institution as I have been myself."

Yes,—there was the result of the life long sacrifices and deprivations of this worthy daughter of the Abbe de l'Epee! Thanks to her; several poor deaf boys are, since her death, provided with an outfit that allows them to enter the National Institution, and the arrangement of the rent of the legacy she made, will allow it to continue this liberality for ever and ever.

In the Paris school, a drawing-room has been established with a Hall of Fame. On the walls are hung the portraits of the greatest teachers, the richest benefactors and the most illustrious leaders of the silent world. Among them all, one is happy to see an oil painting of a simple black gown and commonplace woman,—the woman who, like the poor widow of old, "of her penury hath cast in all the living that she had,"—Melle. Marie-Jeanne Meunier.

YVONNE PITROIS,

90, rue de Marseilles, Bordeaux.

The world is full of love and pity. Had there been less suffering there would have been less kindness.—*Thackeray.*

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BY MRS. ALICE TERRY.



HE OBSERVER is one of the smallest papers in the l. p. f.; but small only in size. For in its few short columns there has been said much that is timely, much that should stimulate the deaf to wise thought and immediate action. For sometime past its main policy has been to expose the underhand doings of the pure oralists. In this Mr. Spear has done commendable work. He is entitled to our glad, helping hand in the fight which he is making to frustrate or break the oralists' further hold on the majority of the deaf schools. Having witnessed the beneficent work done by Mr. Spear up in Minnesota let us take courage once more, and let us every one exert our time, our means and our influence to maintain or to install the combined system into every deaf school in the union. Some will sigh at the boldness of our suggestion; others, astounded, will exclaim impossible! hopeless! But never mind. For just as we have "the poor with us always," so have we also the lazy and the cowardly. Concerning the oralists Mr. Spear further says: "We can respect them if they are sincere, but however great they may be, our respect for them should not stay our hands in our efforts to defeat them and prevent them from inflicting wrong on helpless children."

How many of the deaf have read Mr. Robert P. MacGregor's "Introduction" in the book, "The Abbe De l'Epee and Other Early Teachers of the Deaf?" The author of this book is Mr. Isaac Holycross. But as this "Introduction" is a particularly fine speech in behalf of the deaf all over the world we have to give it especial mention in connection with what we have to say here. One more question, How many of the Oralists have also read it? How many of them have blushed red with guilt, or turned pale with rage at the exposure of their hitherto guarded secrets?

Never did man make a more masterly speech in behalf of the deaf than Mr. MacGregor has made in this "Introduction." It is a convincing plea for the deaf, for the deaf of every land, and for their rights to the sign-language.

In this speech, also, the pure oralists were never more bitterly and more justly denounced. Just as this nation clings to Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg address—the great speech which resulted in the shameing and putting out of busi-



Party of Los Angeles Deaf on a Week End Tramp up into the Snowy Heights of Mt. Wilson

ness the powerful slave-holders—so let MacGregor's plea be the immortal stimulus of the deaf to fight for the maintenance of their God-given combined system, in not only their educational circles, but also in their social and business life. Then let not the politically, and otherwise, powerful oralists succeed in making slaves of our thousands of innocent deaf children! Slaves of intellectual darkness; verily, slaves of thwarted morals!

Further good might result if MacGregor's great speech were framed and sent to the parents of every deaf child. This might be accompanied by a letter of approval signed by distinguished men and women in every walk of life. Yes, there are such citizens whom the Oralists have not quite deceived and who would gladly assist us in our cause to promote the happiness and welfare of the deaf.

We might also hang this speech in Assembly Halls and other places calculated to attract and hold public attention. Numerous inquiries might lead to a wide-spread investigation which quite naturally might result in the downfall of pure Oralism. It is worth trying. Who will say that it is not?

Below we give some extracts from MacGregor's speech:

"The deaf know that the fruits of the pure oral method, as exemplified in their own lives, are as Apples of Sodom—fair to the eye of theory, but crumbling to ashes at the touch of the hard, practical experiences of real life, causing to the great majority, only bitterness, disappointment, ruined hopes and lives.

"This is the verdict of the educated deaf all over the civilized world.

"And they *know*, they KNOW.

"Nobody is authorized to speak for them. They insist on speaking for themselves.

"The great majority of the orally or speech taught deaf two or three years after leaving school, utterly disregard speech and resort to signs, finger-spelling and writing.

"The ascendancy of the pure oral method has been attained by methods, that the deaf as honest, law-abiding citizens abhor, detest, despise, abominate.

"What do honest people think of the man who selects a few of the finest nuggets from the output of a poor mine and exhibits them as its average product? Yet this is being done every day of the year by unscrupulous oral teachers of the deaf.

"The Combined System benefits All the deaf—That in their dire need at the present day, there may be raised up to them other De l'Epee, other

Gallaudets, the deaf pray, but if this is denied them, they will go down smothered into intellectual death by pure oralism, forever blessing these men who understood their needs and lived and died for them."

In nearly every case we have observed that the really good lip-readers are not the products of the school-room, but instead they have acquired the art from constant companionship with their mother or other near relative. And despite the objection of wrongly informed parents the pure orally taught deaf will eagerly take to learning the finger alphabet and the sign-language as soon as they get the chance, either in school or out of school. And they show every indication of being happier for it too. We see cases like this all the time. We would like to describe the humor and the pathos of it, but it would take too long; besides it is an old, old story, which the oralists every where must admit. Usually the speech of a person who lost his hearing under the age of four years is also unintelligible to any but those of his immediate family, and even then not always so. All this to say nothing of his or her voice which we are told, has a grating or harsh sound on the ear.

The suggestion has recently been made that we quit raising money for monuments. Instead we have been requested to devote our energies toward raising an Endowment Fund for the N. A. D. No less than \$50,000 is the sum needed. The idea so appeals to us that we wish the money already contributed toward the Abbe l'Epee statue, and the other money being raised for purposes not altogether imperative, might be massed into one solid fund—the N. A. D. Endowment Fund.

We recently received interesting information about the school for the deaf in far away Manila, Philippine Islands. The founder and present Principal of this school is a Mrs. Webber. She was formerly Miss Delight Rice, who taught for years in the Delavan, Wis., School. She is the daughter of deaf parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, well known in Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Webber is now spending some months in Southern California in search of better health. Our meeting with her was as unexpected as it was pleasing. Even before we knew her name or anything about her she impressed us as being



Still on the trail near the summit, Mt. Wilson Observatory in the background.



Home of Mr. L. C. Williams, San Francisco, Calif.

a woman who has something to say, with still the rarer gift of knowing how to say it, she is fluent in the sign-language, therefore our acquaintance was not slow. We will outline briefly Mrs. Webber's account of her Philippine work:

Seven years ago while still Miss Rice she sailed away to Manila to establish a school for the deaf there. Of necessity, the school started was small; it could not accommodate more than fifty pupils. Naturally this was a disappointment, for a greater number than this had to be turned away. In Manila Miss Rice married Mr. Webber. With arduous zeal the two entered into the work of teaching the little Filipinos the English language and instructing them in more civilized ways and habits. They used the combined system with particular stress on the finger alphabet that their pupils might the better learn correct English. The oral method was employed only in cases where it could be of actual benefit.

But, in time, the peculiar, malarial-laden air of the Philippines at last got a hold on the vitality of husband and wife; hence, their forced return to this country to get rid of that slow, languishing sickness. But it wasn't so easy for Mrs. Webber to part from her little Filipinos. So she brought one little girl along. The child, probably an orphan, was given to her for her very own, and she has temporarily placed her in the School for the Deaf at Berkeley, Cal. During Mrs. Webber's absence from Manila her father is acting principal in her stead. She plans to attend the Teachers' Convention to be held in

Staunton, Va., next June.

MR. HENRY FRITZ
Mechanic and Inventor

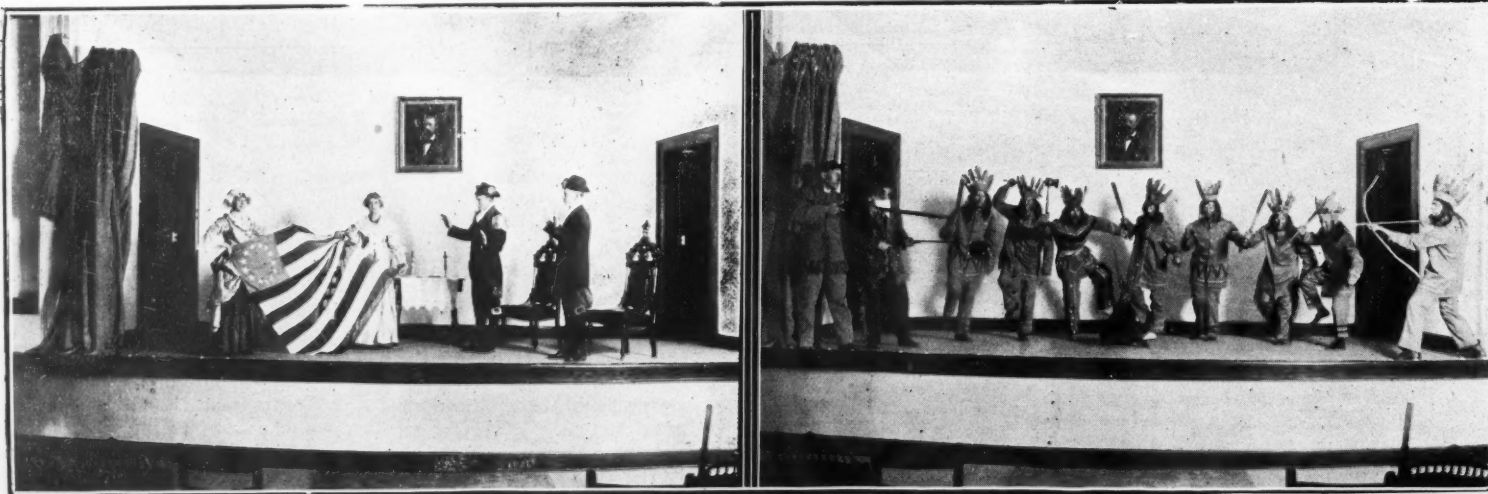
Mr. Henry Fritz, of Los Angeles, has long been known as a mechanic of marked ability. For a long time he has studied the moving picture machine with the idea of making a special improvement on it. Three years ago he applied for a patent on a device he had constructed. But the Patent Office men sent it back with the request that this device be further improved.

Still hopeful, Mr. Fritz set to work again, after awhile his invention was again on its way to Washington. Then he did not wait long to learn that his patent was forthcoming. It is dated Dec. 13, 1913. It is said that in some respects this device beats the Edison apparatus. When put to the practical test, it is believed by moving picture men that our deaf friends' invention will bring him many thousands of dollars.

Although it seems late, yet we wish to mention briefly the two attractive Valentine parties given on February 14 last. The first, a luncheon, was a joint affair given by Miss E. Taylor and Mrs. O. H. Regensberg at the home of the former. The decorations, on the whole a heart affair, included besides heart, flowers in myriads of gay colors, and various other objects, the associates of love and cupid. After a feast on delicacies, further promotion of love and fond yearnings, the real feature of the day began,—the search for hearts! Spinsters and widows vied with one another, even some of the married ladies present joining in the pursuit. The prize was finally captured by a widow, to the satisfaction of all present,—except the spinsters!

In the evening of the same day the home of Miss Ethel Walker, of Ocean Park, was the scene of a merry gathering of young beaux and belles. The decorations here were not so conspicuous nor so profuse. Nor were they needed, for the young girls with their sweet dimpled faces and pretty evening dresses filled the room with a beauty unequalled by cut flowers and the loud jewelry sometimes necessary to offset the fading charm of maturer years. Nor was there any need of playing the game of hearts either. For the young people have the affairs of Cupid often enough without waiting for St. Valentine day. So diversion was afforded in progressive whist. Mr. Petts won first prize, an attractive souvenir of Ocean Park. Miss Comfort won second prize. This was a hand decorated plate, the work of Miss Walker herself.

A hint to deaf patrons of the "movies!" Watch for the Essanay photo-play entitled "The Man in the Cabin." Indian man seems to be deaf and dumb, and he and his wife converse with double-hand alphabet, and her ability to use it finally saves her from a dangerous situation and results in the recapture of an escaped desperado by sending her husband for help unknown to the desperado.—C. B. H., in the *Ohio Chronicle*.



Betsy Ross and the Flag

(February Entertainment at the Alabama School—See first and second pages)

Indian War Dance



By A. L. Pach, 570 Fifth Avenue, New York



HAVE waited a long time before making any comment on what seems to me a very questionable proceeding. I refer to an exhibit at the coming San Francisco Exposition of photographs of children of deaf parentage.

If it were intended to have such an exhibit at a Convention of the Deaf, I should regard it as a very pretty feature for the children of those we know among our deaf friends are of interest to us all.

But to make a classified exhibit at an Exposition of photographs of children whose parents happen to be deaf people, seems to me placing the deaf in an embarrassing position. To the public at large such an exhibition will be looked on as a freak affair. Children are children. The good ones, the bad ones, the pretty and the homely, the wise and the stupid, happen in this world without much regard for parentage. I do not think it seems to exhibit children's pictures for no other reason than that their parents were deaf people. No one has questioned either the right or the ability of deaf parents to have children.

There are times when such displays cause the very opposite from the effect intended.

I have been a visitor to Institutions of correctional and charitable natures—prisons, asylums, homes, etc., and there is generally a show-case display in the main entrance of articles made by the inmates. I have seen similar exhibits in schools for the deaf, where I always thought them as much out of place as the child photograph display referred to above seems.

All these things people remember. We don't want them to remember or recall anything that puts the deaf man in a class by himself just because of his deafness. We want to parade, whenever we consistently can, the things that the deaf man accomplishes in spite of his deafness,—which after all is the thing that counts. If a deaf architect or painter or sculptor or teacher or publisher has a contest with a hearing architect, painter, sculptor, teacher or publisher, and comes out ahead, he wins triumphs—one over his competitor and one over his handicap, and we can win more respect, more lasting and enduring admiration in this way than any other.

The deaf farmer who wins prizes at the County Fair with the best farm products, cattle, etc., has accomplished something worth while because he has brought about superior results by superior methods and superior skill, but our children have no place in an exhibition just because they happen to be children of deaf parents.

Edwin Allan Hodgson

On Saturday evening, February 28th, in the lecture room of St. Ann's Church, west 148th Street, New York, with every seat taken and many standing, the stage was so set, had there been a curtain, there would have been discovered at its rise three well-known gentlemen. Reverends Dr. John Chamberlain and John H. Keiser occupied what would have been the end men's seats and in a large carved chair with a tall back occupying the back center of the stage, in the interlocutor's usual position, was Mr. Edwin Allan Hodgson. The occasion was one of four celebrations got up in honor of that gentleman's birthday,

and this one took place on the exact date, and was gotten up by Mr. Hodgson's friends both in and out of St. Ann's Church.

In the first place, though the calendar's exactness placed the gentleman's age at sixty, he does not look a day beyond fifty.

All through this land, as well as in many other countries abroad, Mr. Hodgson is personally known and admired. To few is he better known nor more intimately than the writer, whose personal and close association with him covers thirty-three years.

For the first time under somewhat similar circumstances he did not look happy. Of course he was



MR. HODGSON AND HIS GRANDSON

happy, but I watched him closely and at times it seemed to me as if he was thinking of Kipling's lines: "They are hanging Danny Deever in the morning." and he appeared to regard himself as another Danny Deever. I thought to myself that in a way he was resenting any thought of making a fuss over his being sixty years old!

Sixty?

Absurd!

Didn't he look fifty, act forty, and feel thirty?

After a while the Danny Deever thoughts seemed to give way to others. The stern visage was replaced by a far happier looks as all the different speakers told the nice things they knew of the man in whose honor they gathered. Old boys told how they had been prepared for life work by the man who was being honored. One told of the great number of prosperous journeyman printers. There were those whose families were weekly gladdened by opulent sums, because of the sterling methods of their sterling instructor.

Mr. Hodgson was presented with a beautiful gold fob, a replica of the New York Institution's seal. Besides the reverend gentlemen, addresses were made by Messrs. Ballin, Renner, LeClerq, Souweine, Frankenheim, Meinken and Pach.

Mr. Hodgson's reply was characteristic. He informed the audience that he wasn't surprised at the demonstration, though he was at the beautiful gift. He knew there was something afoot, as it was February 28th and his sixtieth birthday, but he wasn't prepared for all that evening's program revealed.

He recounted, with characteristic modesty, episodes in his career since he had entered the deaf world. Where he might have, with justifiable pride, emphasized some of the really worth while causes he lead or fought in, he either barely mentioned them or omitted reference to them altogether. His diffidence was atoned for, however, by several of the speakers, who brought to light the things a man of sixty can look backward to with pride. St. Ann's Church and

Parish House, as we know the institution to-day, might be non-existent but for Mr. Hodgson's persistence and timely aid, yet he made no reference to it. After the oratory, all adjourned to the Guild Rooms, where the ladies of St. Ann's served excellent salads, dainty sandwiches, ice-cream, cakes, coffee, etc.

Mr. Hodgson's daughters and his grandson, Edwin Hodgson Tucker, were present. It is not often such tributes are paid as Mr. Hodgson received on his sixtieth birthday, and before I close the story of the evening's doings I want to say that I regret that the grandson referred to was not old enough to tell the audience something of the Edwin Allan Hodgson that his six-year-old by knows. The Hodgson that led the most forlorn hope at The Battle of St. John's; the Hodgson I have seen win many a field in New York, New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Illinois, Colorado, Minnesota, and wherever conventions have been held, isn't the Edwin Allan Hodgson that this lad knows as "grandpa."

If he could, he would have told how he hoodwinked and bluffed Grandpa into many a summer journey that no one else could have cajoled Grandpa into making. He would have told of going into New York's best restaurants and ordering, *carte blanche*, what his little heart craved and only the waiter knew, for of course Grandpa doesn't hear, and little Edwin can be awfully noncommunicative when he wants something that he knows he shouldn't have and couldn't get from anybody but his dear old Grandpa.

I suppose all his friends everywhere know Mr. Hodgson, but out side of his family, I may be wrong, but I do not think there are more than three people who know the real worth, and that means the real Hodgson. I flatter myself that I am one of the three—at the same time I feel inclined to cut it to two.

I have always said that Canada lost a great lawyer when Hodgson's hearing went at something over 18 years. Had this calamity not overtaken him and saddled him with all its handicap and limitations, I have no doubt he would have been sitting in the Canadian Parliament as Sir Edwin Allan Hodgson, or perhaps Solicitor-General of his country.

Of broad learning, first to approve a good act and last to condemn a questionable one, loyal to the last drop of blood in his heart; open, free, frank, fair; in a word, one of Nature's noblemen, and always a gentleman in the highest and best sense of that abused term, Mr. Hodgson stands to-day unquestionably the tallest figure in the ranks of America's deaf.



Skeeing in Duluth, Minn.

A DEAF ARTIST

When a deaf-mute reaches the top of his chosen calling, he is worthy of double honor. H. Humphery Moore, an American artist resident in Paris, is both deaf and dumb; but in spite of these physical defects, his achievements rank among the first of the great painters of to-day.

Nature seems to have compensated him for the drawbacks mentioned.—*Wisconsin Times*.

L. O. Chistenson owns a job printing office in Seattle, Wash. He also owns the *Observer* of which P. L. Axling is the editor.

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VOL. XXVI APRIL, 1914 No. 7

The De l'Epee Statue Fund is growing finely and a monument to the great and good Abbe will soon be *un fait accompli*.

The Mississippi Voice informs us that "Miss Cobb is now a member of the Grandma Club." We did not think Miss Cobb was eligible.

The many friends of Dr. Fox of New York, residing in our state, unite in condolences upon the bereavement he has suffered in the loss of his wife.

If there's space given to photographs of "Children of Deaf Parents," in the "Temple of Children" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, other children will have to look to their laurels.

Brother Burt of the Western Pennsylvania School predicts, in his last report, that "the time may come when even motion pictures may be adapted to educational purposes." We have the pleasure to advise our co-laborer that we have had a Powers No. 6 in operation with us for the past year with the most beneficent results.

GENIAL ED.

We felicitate Bro. Hodgson upon the completion of his sixtieth year. There is no deaf man in our land that has held quite the place occupied by our esteemed co-temporary. From every angle he has been a success, and the deaf of old Manhattan, have bountiful reason to be proud of the man who, from the forum and in his admirable sheet, has contributed so much to the happiness of the deaf of our land.

MILITARY DISCIPLINE

Military training is all very well. The

lesson in obedience and respect to a superior officer it gives, is fine, the deportment and bearing is excellent, the system it introduces into ones life is good and there are other features of it that make it a most excellent thing in a large school; but it is a serious question whether it is worth while, to make any determined efforts at having military instruction of the deaf recognized at the military headquarters of the nation or to obtain any modification of the clause which makes the deaf exempt from military services. That they are not deficient in patriotism, courage or daring we know, but they are happily removed from the horrors of war, a blessing for which they should be exceedingly grateful, instead of making any effort to remove the barrier between them and the field of carnage.

JOB WILLIAMS

If the success of a man is measured by his goodness and his usefulness, no more successful man ever lived than Job Williams, of Hartford, who passed to the great beyond on the 15th of March. He was Connecticut-born and had, with the exception of a brief period during which he taught in New York, been a resident of the state of his nativity. Forty-seven of his seventy-three years were spent at the Hartford School for the Deaf, thirteen as teacher and thirty-four as principal, and they were years of untiring devotion to the deaf and their interests. Mr. Williams had severed his official connection with the school, a few months before his decease, but his heart was still there, and, to the last, he was an almost daily visitor at the scene of his earlier labors. His was an earnest, Godly life and he will be most sadly missed not only by the deaf of his state, but by the deaf everywhere, and by all of those interested in their education who knew him so well.

THE DIFFERENCE

There is a deaf girl working her way through the university of Utah, who despite her handicap, is far-and-away in advance of the majority of her school-mates. Her father is so poor that he is unable to assist her, and she does not get a dollar that she does not earn with her own hands. During the Summer she does work in a laundry and during the Winter she does house-work in the family of one of the professors for her board. In spite of all, her records show her to be one of the most thorough and best of the "Coeds." She is training especially in physical education, but leads also in domestic science and millinery, and is holding a good place in every other branch. Beside being one of the very best students in the college, her teachers regard Mary Wool-slayer as one of the most refined girls that was ever enrolled with them.

There is, once in a while, in our schools a deaf girl who is of quite a different type. She will not study because it is too irksome,

she will do no work because she thinks it the duty of the State to have the work of the school done by servants. She is slovenly in her appearance and curt in her manner, and if she should go out into the world tomorrow she could not make her salt. The futures of the two girls are assured, but the assurance are quite different.

There are few fields where an energetic deaf person of good habits would not make a success. At least one man is already making a good living operating a moving-picture machine. Fred R. Wendall is the operator, and Willisville, Illinois, the scene of his activities.

Charles Schliff spent Sunday with us, and we were all most glad to see him again after his long absence. Charlie is a full believer in the old saying that "a rolling stone gathers no moss." He has held his position fourteen years, ever since he left school.

The boys from Philadelphia played a heady sports-manlike game and had they been on a familiar floor the story might have been different.

A bullet-hawk caught one of our sparrows the other day, and how we did wish for a gun!

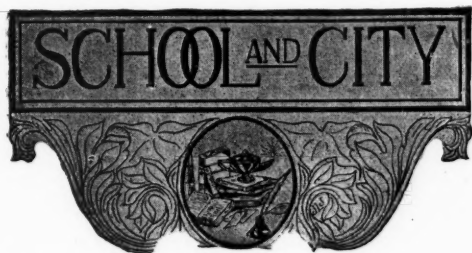
E'EN THO.

If love be like a flower that fills the air
With odors delicate and renders earth
A place more purely sacred and more fair,
A garden of delight, a hall of mirth;
If I may pluck that flower and make it mine;
If I may wear it proudly on my breast;
If with its presence comes a strength divine
For noble action or for patient rest;
If life is hid and paradise unknown,
And every spring of happiness is dry,
Save with the blooming of that flower alone—
Then let me love, albeit the flower must die.

If love be like a star that shines by night
More softly radiant than its fellow stars,
Luring the mortal to a realm of light
Beyond the confines of these earthly bars;
If that way lies the path to worlds unsought
And life undreamed-of, with a nobler cause
For every act and every inmost thought,
And wider sympathies and juster laws;
If far beyond the firmament appears
That star still moving as I onward strain—
Tho life is short, and shorter grow the years,
Still let me follow, tho I ne'er attain.

If love be like the sea, the great round sea,
That heaves and falls with its eternal tide,
From whose dominion earth is never free,
This earth whereon we pleasantly abide;
If love be like it in its far extent,
If love be like it in unfailing power,
If human love from love divine is sent,
Heaven's only likeness and man's richest dower—
Tho but in visions are thy secrets seen,
And all that venture may be lost in thee,
And the soul's self as it had never been,
Still, take me to thy bosom, wondrous sea.

—Rossiter Johnson.



April showers.
 Buds a peeping.
 Lots of daffodils.
 Arbutus in another week.
 The sun is already over the line.
 Delaware shad will soon be here.
 Our closing exercises are approaching.
 Examination brought the usual heart-aches.
 Mr. Carson's cinnamon bun is a piece of work.
 Josie Kulikowski's curls are quite becoming to her.
 We had a fine talk on "Slay them not," Sunday morning.
 The new base-ball suits will be finished on Monday.
 Our trade-teaching rooms are, at times, overcrowded.
 Alfred Shaw is a great help now-a-days in every way.
 No signs of either our squirrels or our owls now-a-days.
 Lorraine Pease remembered his Papa on his 26th birthday.
 Mrs. Long was a welcome visitor the latter part of the month.
 Our snow-man was one of the city's sights, while it lasted.
 There has been quite a crop of tonsilitis during the past month.
 Our booklets will be ready for distribution in another week.
 In three months we shall all be under our own vines and fig-trees.
 Alice Battersby discovered the first robin and got the big apple.
 Pedestrian trips are already being arranged for the good weather.
 Our magazines and newspapers have already outgrown their rack.
 The Express deliveries dwindle while the parcel-post arrivals grow.
 There are few who take more pains with their chirography than Josephine.
 The little folks live out of doors during all off hours, these sunny days.
 The children are taking a deep interest in their periodicals and exchanges.
 Miss Vail is figuring on a very high per cent of daily attendance this term.

Mary Sommers and Mamie Gessner both got lovely dress-patterns on Thursday.

Mr. Sharp spent a day attending the Methodist conference at Asbury Park, last week.

Edwin Londregan went to the dentist's on Friday. He says he did not enjoy the trip.

In the matter of health the current year has been the best in the history of the school.

Mr. Walker saw Eddie Pullen win the International race with the Mercer car, in the movies.

The group pictures taken by Mr. Steer, of Philadelphia during his visit were quite good.

The upper classes are greatly interested in the letter-writing course being given by Mr. Sharp.

The girls broke their first window of the year on Friday. Mamie Gessner was the unfortunate.

Ernest De Lauro and sister Ida have been added to our list of pupils during the past week.

Louis Otten and Alfred Grieff are each building a model yacht during their spare moments.

Vito Dondiego was kept at home two days by the blizzard. He says they were very dull days.

Oreste Palmieri received a most interesting ten-page letter from his brother Angelo, on Thursday.

Miss Morgan and her girls in the laundry gave the base-ball fund a big boost when it came their way.

The kindergarten attended the moving picture exhibition at the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday afternoon.

"Talks on European Travel by Great Writers" in ten volumes have just been added to the boys' library.

In a recent letter, Jemima Smith promises us a visit at an early day. We shall all be glad to see Jemima.

The base-ball field has been carefully levelled off and Antonio Petoio has been elected Captain of the team.

Would you believe it? When Roy Hapward picks up the paper he always turns first to the sporting page.

Oreste Palmieri had charge of a class for a day last week, and you should have seen how well he did with it.

Somebody will kill that ground-hog if it don't stop coming out, on the second of February, and seeing its shadow.

Frank Hoppaugh's mother is setting a number of hens so that he will have young chickens when he gets home.

We expect the finest lawns we have ever had this year, owing to the fertilizing they have had and the abundant snows.

Each of the big girls is a mamma to one of the little ones and that is the reason our little girls always look so nice.

There were 110 dresses made in our dress-making department last spring. We wonder if this spring's output will equal that.

The little girls are organizing their base-ball team and Mr. Walker is going out with them to buy their paraphernalia in a few days.

Our "reel" on the formation of mountains, Saturday a week, was one of the most remarkable we have had in any of our moving pictures.

Several of the boys are reading "Pitching in a Pinch" by Christy Matthewson, and all cherish the hope that they will one day be a Christy.

Frank Nutt has been quite sick during the past few days, but is improving rapidly now. The pupils sent him a fine bunch of flowers on Monday.

When the Trenton Basket-ball team lost to Jasper on its own floor on Friday night and went to third place, it broke the hearts of our fans.

Our half-tone makers take a great deal of interest in the Ledger supplement furnished them each week. It contains a lot of fine half-tone work.

Charles Colberg is engaged on a mahogany rocking-chair, which he expects to be one of the finest pieces ever turned out from the wood-working department.

One of our boys was too sick last Saturday to work but not sick enough to stay out of the basket ball game and it nearly cost him his place in the printing department.

Charles Dobbins says he was "tickled nearly to death" when he heard that Eddie Pullen, in a Trenton-made Mercer car, won the grand Prize in the recent automobile race.

We were all greatly interested in the habits of the Mongoose, as shown us on the screen, Saturday night, especially in the expeditious manner in which he disposed of Mr. Snake.

We have quite an epidemic of sores, at present. Mary Murphy has a sore eye, Anastasia Schultz has a sore lip, and Henry Nightingale has a sore heel. All are on the mend now though.

Ruth tells a story about a lady who lost her wedding-ring and who found it in the mouth of a rat which her cat brought in the next day. Now where do you suppose Ruth got that.

Camden is becoming quite a centre for our deaf boys and girls. Isabella Long and her brother are now added to the little colony there and Marion and Louis Bausman will move there in a few weeks.

A canopy from the north-east corner of the boys' building to the west entrance of the dining-room would be a much-needed improvement; only another door in the new hall would be required.

Our base-ball players are hustlers. They made forty dollars during the basket-ball season, and raised forty more during the past three days, making enough to fully equip their base-ball team.

The March meeting of the Teachers' Association was taken up largely with an exemplification of her class-work by Miss Lila Wood and talks by Misses Brian and Warfield on the Mount Airy School.

It has not yet been fully decided whether we shall go the circus and to Philadelphia or not this spring. It is likely that we shall be able to go to one of them at least. The boys would prefer the circus, the girls the Philadelphia trip.

Famous Deaf-Blind Poet Issues New Books at 84

*Morrison Heady—Inventor, Architect, Musician, Story Teller
and Humorist as well as Verse Maker*

There is a harp that once with dirges thrilled,
But now hangs hushed in leaden slumbers
Save when the hand by grief untimely chilled
Steals o'er its chords in faltering numbers,
It hangs in halls where shades of sorrow dwell,
Where echoless silence tolls the passing bell,
Where shadowless darkness weaves the shroud-
ing spell.

Of dead delights and long-gone years,
Go bring it me, sweet friend, who'er thou art—
The sweeter still if blithe—and ere we part
A tale I'll weave, so sad 'twill wring thy heart
Of all its pity, all its tears.

—Morrison Heady in *The Double Night*.



DOWN in Louisville, Ky., there may be seen on almost any pleasant day on almost any sunny street an old gentleman, tall and erect, with long flowing white hair softer than silver and whiter than snow and a ruddy, smiling face, and around him a mob of yelling folk hanging clamorous to his coattails.

To the casual passerby the cause of their clamor and the nature of their demand will not at first appear; there is much noise around the old gentleman, but no speech between him and his young petitioners. Only one among the little rabble who has caught hold of the old gentleman's hand, and is slowly, strangely tapping upon a yellow glove there, seems to be conveying to him a cryptic message of some sort, born in the eager pleading looks of the little people round about.

"Please—tell—us—a—story," slowly repeats the old gentleman as the young fingers finish their voiceless message on his glove. "Well," and he smiles a big, merry smile that bare all his teeth to the smiling sun, "which story shall be it be?"

And then a veritable pandemonium of contention breaks loose; each youngster wants a different tale. One shouts for "Dulce Dulce." Another, a big and uncompromising boy, says: "Aw, naw! That's too cissified," and shouts sturdily for "The Tom Cats" instead. A third is clamorous for "The White Stone Boat." The smile of the old gentleman broadens into a huge and flashing grin. He shakes the skirts of his long blue broadcloth coat free of the barnacle cluster of youngsters, gathers the arms of half a dozen of them under his own, and strides along, followed by the now silent and attentive mob, beginning the while in a loud, cheery voice a new tale for which none of them has asked and which will please and satisfy all.

If now the casual stranger, deciding to be less a casual stranger, asks one of the eager youngsters on the outskirts of the rapidly striding troop who and what the old gentleman is, he will be favored by that young Louisvillian of the outer fringe with a look of huge surprise and withering pity:

"Beats Helen Keller."

"Didn't you never hear of Helen Keller, Mister?" asks young Louisville. And then: "Well, he beats her all holler. He's Morrison Heady, the Deaf-Blind Poet of Kentucky. He hears and sees through his glove. He's written fine books and made all sorts of inventions and drawings and plans for buildings; plays chess and pianner, and all sorts of things. Excuse me, Mister, I want to hear this story; it's a new one from the book he's sending to New York."

And off runs young Louisville to join his mates, omitting the most important of all the old gentleman's accomplishments.

For, besides all the achievements mentioned and many more remarkable still, Morrison Heady—deaf, blind, and 84—is most a prodigy because he is most a man, living a full, cheerful,

manly life; seeing truly with the inward eye and hearing truly with the inward ear; and dispensing around him, in every word and thought and deed, a cheerfulness and contentment akin to the sunshine he can never see. Complaint is not in



him; he is above disappointments and misfortune; he has no grudge against the world or its Great Engineer, though he has been sorely crushed in its cogs; and, save that his soul knows not the spirit of these grumbling latter days, his double affliction has failed utterly to isolate him; he is very much in this world and of it.

Known, half with staring wonder, half with tender love, by almost every one in his Southern home town, the remarkable old gentleman through his latest venture—the sending eastward of two very striking books, the offspring of the rich and fanciful high Winter of his life—bids fair presently to become the centre of a far wider acquaintance.

Mr. Heady was born in Spencer County, Ky., on July 19, 1819. He lost the sight of one eye as a very little boy, being struck by a chip from a woodcutter's axe. At sixteen he became totally blind—the heel of one of his schoolmates, who was playing at catch-as-catch-can in front of the log cabin school, struck him as he watched the game. At eighteen his hearing, impaired by a fall from horseback some years before, began to fail, and it diminished slowly through successive years. One pleasure after another depending upon the ear had to be given up; it was, as Mr. Heady said, "like the slow swinging to of the prison door, when the prisoner is left alone in his cell."

Frantically, as the door swung slowly to, the young boy, fresh from the scant, rude training of the country cabin school, drank in what store of information he could in his backwoods home, through books read to him now by friends, before the door should close utterly and leave him forever alone and isolated in heavy, double night.

It was through the first and most important of darkness was in a measure dispelled, and a means all Mr. Heady's inventions that the blighting provided through which he could communicate

with his fellow men. This was his lettered glove of thin yellow cotton, on the palm and fingers of which are stamped in black in alphabetical order the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. With comparatively little practice he learned to distinguish the positions of the various letters on the glove, and then it was an easy matter for him to make out any words as this or that friend spelled them with careful finger on the glove. His best friends—those who spell to him often—can now tap out words upon his glove almost as fast as an expert typewriter moves.

Prevented by his two fold privations from repairing by study the defects of his imperfect school education. Mr. Heady has been able to acquire much and varied information.

"My work has been constant, but not methodical," he says. "That is because I am self-taught, and self-taught men are never well taught. That is why so much of my work must be done over and over."

Like most work that is done over and over, however, there is a perfection about the product that compensates for the effort. Through continued practice his mental faculties as well as his literary tastes, were developed, and the poetry within him matured and came to expression.

These stanzas from his "The Double Night and Other Poems," descriptive of the misfortune that fell upon him, scarcely suggest as their author a man with the bare rudiments of a log cabin schooling, who for almost three-quarters of a century has seen nothing; they scarcely suggest a man who for more than half a century has heard none of life's sounds:

From yonder sky the noonward sun was torn
Ere childhood's dewy joys had vanished;
A starless midnight blotted out my morn,
Ere day dawn's rosy hues had banished.
No slow-paced twilight ushered in the night;
A spangled web, the heavens fled from sight;
The full moon fled and never waned;
And all of earth that's beautiful and fair
Became as shadows in the empty air—
A boundless, blackened blank remained!

I heard the gates of night, with sullen jar
Close on the cheerful day forever.
Hope from my sky sank like the Evening star,
Which finds in darkness, zenith never;
Scarce could she more, where Night held boundless
sway,
Than through departed, vouch returning day;
And shapes of beauty, grace, and bloom,
And fair-formed joys that once around me danced
Bewildered grew where sunbeams never glanced,
And lost their way in that wide gloom.

Alas! Pensylla, stay that gentle tear.
Now nearer come, I fain thy voice would hear
Like music when the soul is dreaming,
Like music dropping from a far-off sphere,
Heard by the good when life's end draweth near,
It faintly comes, a spirit's seeming.
The sounds that once entranced me, ear and soul.
The voice of winds and waves, the thunder's roll;
The steed's proud neigh, the lamb's meek plaint,
The hum of bees, the vesper hymn of birds,
The rural harmony of flocks and herds,
The song of joy or praise, and man's sweet words,
Come to me fainter yet more faint.

Pensylla look! With tremendous points of fire,
The sun, red-sinking, lights yon distant spire;
O'er upland woods and lowland meadows
Spread wide and level his departing beams:
Then sinks to rest, as one sure of sweet dreams,
'Mid pillowing clouds and curtaining shadows.
Night draws her lucid shade o'er sky and earth;
The twinkling centres of unknown days gleam forth;
The evening hymn of praise and song of mirth
Rise gratefully from man's abode.
Oh, Night! I love her sombre majesty!
'Tis sweet, her double solitude to me!
Pensylla, leave me now; alone I'd be
With Darkness, Silence, and my God.

Mr. Heady's Glove

Never for a moment has Mr. Heady lost touch with the world. If you wish any figures on the cost of the Panama Canal; if you are looking for expert information about the East River tunnels; if you are interested in monorail cars, aeroplanes, automobiles, radium—you will find a mine of information in the discourse of this octogenarian blind man. By means of the Matilda Ziegler Magazine and a tri-weekly newspaper in embossed print, Mr. Heady manages to keep informed upon the chief issues of the time.

Among the friends who at various times have served as eyes and ears to him have been Abraham Flexner of the Carnegie Foundation, Dr. Simon Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute; the late Dr. Lewis N. Dembitz, a man of encyclopedic mind; John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, and the latter's sister, both of whom were long among his dearest friends, and many wideawake and earnest young men and women who were drawn to him in the course of the years by love or interest.

Besides "The Double Night and Other Poems," he is the author of "Burl," a tale of Kentucky frontier war; "The Red Moccasins," a tale of Kentucky Indian days, and several biographical romances dealing with the heroes of America in the making.

"The Double Night" is the most important of his works, and the one upon which his claims to be heard by posterity must chiefly rest. The poems of this volume are not, however, all so tragic as its title and the title poem suggest. There is an epic "Cecilia," a romance of sunshine and the Blue-grass; shorter nature poems and "DeProfundis," a blank verse poem in which he strikes a more difficult note and answers the religious and philosophic questions which have presented themselves to the great souls of all times.

In Mr. Heady's battle with destiny he has been greatly helped by his sense of humor which has been, as he puts it, "the spring wagon that has lifted me easily over some of the roughest places of life." He is among the first to catch a joke, and he is as ready to laugh at his own expense as at anybody's. His conversation is full of quaint and charming reminiscences, sparkling with merriment and good humor, and there is no social emergency that finds him without a story.

"As I have only had experience of this life," he said one day, "I prefer it to any I know about, and, furthermore, it will answer my purpose as long as it lasts." But later he added, "My life is in large measure what I have made it for good or evil; if for good, by the help of God, if for evil by my own fault."

He has always been fond of people. There is never in his attitude, however, the suggestion of any claim to one's sympathies; he meets people cordially, expectantly, and frankly; he is asking for friendship—nothing more.

His Famous Friends

Among his dearest friends have ever been big dogs and little children; they love and follow him as he strides through the streets of Louisville, marching like a grenadier and swinging about his head his great brass-tipped cane as he crosses the streets, to ward off the onrush of galloping horses and speeding chauffeurs. These might not otherwise know it was a blind man and their friend, but they will not under any circumstances run into such a vigorous brass-tipped windmill. At very busy corners he will not trust to this device, however; but will stop until a friendly policeman or some passer-by leads him across in safety; and thereafter, on the far side of the street, he will stop invariably to let his helper spell out his or her name upon the lettered glove, and in return will thank him or her for the courtesy.

Most of the blocks he measures instinctively, knowing just when and where are the crossings, the driveways, the puddles or pitfalls in the pavements. He knows, too, where that sunny-haired little girl lives who will help him across this corner, and where he may find that close-cropped head of brown stubble that likes to tilt upward and listen to the nine tales of the

"Porcelain Tower of China," and to help him across the streets.

Go up with him to his home, on the third floor of the red brick building, where he lives with his old sister and her family. Follow him as, with sure gauge, he measures instinctively the distances between doors and windows, and reaches his own room, his living room, bedroom, library, and workshop. Watch him doff his smooth blue coat of fine broadcloth and don his velvet house jacket; watch him tilt back the big easy chair which he has invented for reclining as far as he wishes, without danger of falling further. And then, if you are not too busy picking out the letters on the glove, as he stretches forward to you for your conversation look around the room a bit.

First of all, you will see in wide shelves that reach from floor to ceiling the huge black, and red volumes embossed print that form his library or part of it, for he has loaned a large number of books for the blind to the Louisville Public Library. It is one of the



MR. HEADY'S GLOVE

largest private collections of books for the blind in the country. The Bible is there, in ten big volumes of Roman print, the old English letters that antedated braille. Shakespeare is there, and Dickens, Walter Scott, and many other old friends. You will find queer black volumes of Swedenborg, too, and Byron's "Child Harold and Hebrew Melodies." "Burl," child of his own fancy, has a place there, too, and Milton, brother in darkness and in song. Homer is there in Pope's rhymes, and no dear friend of Heady's so mutilated.

Along the other wall you will see Mr. Heady's work bench and drawers of tools, and near by the handsome wooden model of Louisville's Public Library, the way he would have had it built if he had had the disposal of Mr. Carnegie's gift to the city; you can see the floor plan, too, with colored squares and hexagons of pasteboard upon the wooden baseboard to mark out rooms and corridors. On the work bench itself you will see a strange skeleton tower some four feet tall of wooden straws and wire. This is the Eiffel Tower he is projecting for Iroquois Park Hill, five miles south of Louisville, 300 feet high of steel rails and girders on concrete base, with electric elevators and spiral stairways, giving a view of the lovely Ohio Valley for miles around and of all the Silver Hills and the three falls cities—some day when the gentlemen of the Park Board give ear to his plea and the public spirit of Louisville is awakened.

Not far away from the model of this tower you will see Mr. Heady's old typewriter, its keyboard a hodgepodge of irregular blocks of various sizes, distinguishable the better so to his trained touch. On this he writes, in crude capitals, the first rough draft of all his literary work. And on he writes, too, charming letters to old friends throughout the country, and to young friends who have moved away to other cities and out of his little world. Near this typewriter stands another, a bright little machine of shiny steel, which he has invented, and by means of which, on a very few keys, the blind can typewrite to one another in raised letters of braille.

If you peep into his cupboard you will find a store of old patents and devices—a fiddle that operates by means of a crank with a queer rotary motion, a patent coffeepot with hollow lid for cold condensing water to keep the aroma from wafting away in steam, and a dozen others. Those devices and patents,

though insignificant and trivial to the casual eye, mean long Winter days and nights of dull and solitary idleness transformed into days cheery with warmth and sunshine of work accomplished.

And atop of the row of encyclopedias and the two big dictionaries above the mantelpiece you will find his queer little chessboard, with black spaces raised and white ones sunken, and in each space a peg hole for chessmen to rest in. Perchance you will find a half-played game still pictured there, just as it was left when he and Mr. Rosenberg adjourned it last Sunday, and as it will be when they resume it to finish it next Sunday or a Sunday or two thereafter. Mr. Heady has always been interested in drawing and architecture, and if his eyes had not failed he would probably have devoted his life to the construction of buildings and bridges. As it is, he is always working out things in his mind, model buildings of all sorts, from libraries and public schools to department stores. The visitor to his room will see wooden models of some of these structures standing in out-of-the-way corners. When an idea of a house or new structure takes possession of him he works it out in wood, fitting the small blocks together with his deft fingers and often producing something artistic as well as ingenious.

Had To Give Up Music

The old gentleman has also another gift which his double affliction has, however, precluded from full fruition. This is his talent for music. Before the loss of his hearing he devoted much time to the study of the piano, with the idea of being able later on to give lessons. But gradually, as the vibrations became fainter and fainter, he was forced to give this up also. There is nothing more tragic than to see him, when he thinks the house is empty, sit down at the piano, for the love of feeling the keys, and run his fingers over some of the old melodies. Then, if you find him at it, he will begin at once to tell some amusing incident concerning this particular movement of the Fifth Symphony which he happened to be playing. He is not one to emphasize the pathetic in life or to dwell upon it.

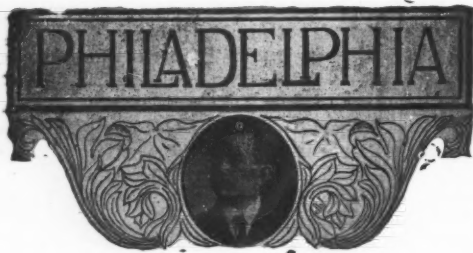
It has been largely through his loving comradeship with young people that Mr. Heady himself has remained so young and cheerful of spirit. The little ones call him "Uncle Morry," and some of the parents of the youngsters who used to call him so when they were children still call him "Uncle Morry," and love to eavesdrop while he is telling their children the tales they used to hear from him—and new ones, too.

It was some of these grown children of "Uncle Morry's" who several years ago begged him to put into book form some of the tales he has woven and told. At first Uncle Morry refused to write down his stories, saying he was too busy, but promising always that some day, perhaps, he might. At last, however, this generation reinforced the demands of the last generation, and the old man consented. There is a comfortable sensation among his "nephews" and nieces, large and small, now, to know that no matter what happens the Tom Cats are down in black and white and that the children of fifty years hence will know as much about the White Stone Boat or the Four-Pronged Ginseng as the children of to-day.

The old gentleman himself calls this book of juvenile tales his "Labor of Love." The stories have now been finished and are ready for publication.

There is a second work, however, of which only a few of Mr. Heady's friends know, although it is also ready for print. This is a weird, fanciful romance, "The Mandarin," with a plot that springs from the heart of the Bluegrass and carries one through China and a kingdom more celestial, with a weird strain of spiritualism, not unsuggestive of Swedenborg, running through it all.—N. Y. Times Jan. 4, 1914

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.—Madame De Lambert.



By Jas. S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St., Phila., Pa.



LECTURE so full of interest, thrill and adventure as that given by Miss Dora Keen, of this city, who has achieved fame as a mountain climber, in All Souls' Hall, on Saturday evening the Fourteenth of March, is something that rarely comes to the lot of our silent folk. We believe that some time hence people will have opportunity to read Miss Keen's thrilling story from a book, but the privilege of getting it from the very lips of the adventuress which we enjoyed, and other audiences, too, is still better. Besides, it was only by a fortunate chance that Mr. George T. Sanders got Miss Keen to appear before a deaf audience at a price far below that usually charged. The lecture was ably and clearly interpreted into the sign-language by Miss M. A. Compton, a teacher at the Mt. Airy School, and illustrated by about one hundred clear, beautiful views, Rev. Mr. Dantzer operating the machine.

The following taken from the contents of the circular announcing the lecture, may be of interest here:

Miss Dora Keen's ascent of Mt. Blackburn is the only attempt by a woman at mountaineering in Alaska, where no timber grows above 2,500 feet, so that to climb this 16,140 ft. mountain was like Arctic exploration. It was more difficult than all the 15 Swiss peaks that she has climbed put together, and hers was the first expedition to succeed without Swiss guides. It is the only ascent ever made of this mountain, which proved more dangerous than Mt. McKinkley. On no other mountain has any party attempted to live so long on ice and snow without tents or stove, and indeed the hardships were such that, used as they were to the cold and difficulties of travel in Alaska, five out of the seven men accompanying Miss Keen turned back half way. No other woman has organized or led any expedition of the kind, and Miss Keen has been entitled the most daring of women mountaineers. Still not fame nor achievement was her object. She went in search of new courage and inspiration which she says she finds on the high mountains as nowhere else. Meeting each serious obstacle as it arose her conquest was not only that of a high and difficult mountain but also of herself, a test of courage and endurance, judgment and spirit."

The lecture, which was well attended, was given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Local Branch and the proceeds will be for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, at Doylestown. Mr. John A. Roach, president of the Branch, presided.

Sunday, March 8th, was an auspicious day for All Souls' Parish. In the afternoon Bishop Suffragan, Thomas J. Garland, D.D., confirmed a class of fourteen candidates, whose names follow:

Floretta May Corey, Mamie Irene Hess, Hilda Alice Partington, Mrs. Emma Steiner Robinson, Edna Snell, Mary Josephine Woods, Lillian Henrietta Peacock, Harry Lynch Coulston, Thomas Dingfelder, William Worldeire Helmer, Carl William Kutzer, Elmer John Mock, George Henry Porter, Jr., and John James Stanford.

After this service, which was made as short as possible, the whole congregation followed the Pastor and the Bishop Suffragan in orderly procession into the large lecture hall of the Parish House on the second floor, where a simple service of dedication of the House was held. About two hundred people were present. Dr. A. L. E. Crouter interpreted at both of these services and,

at the close of the latter, made a felicitous speech of congratulation.

The reason that the Parish House was not dedicated at the same time the Church was consecrated was because there remained a debt of a couple thousand dollars on it. This has since been entirely wiped out and the dedication was only delayed for the convenience of the Bishop.

Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., on the evening of March 6th, made a record by admitting twenty (20) applicants to membership. However, most of the applicants live in Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C., which makes it seem very probable that a new division will be formed ere long, probably in Baltimore. The march of the N. F. S. D. across the Mason's and Dixon's line is a conquest which will doubtless be hailed with delight by the whole body of Frats. Whether proper credit will be given to the Philadelphia Division for this influx of new applicants or not remains to be seen; but it is nevertheless a fact that, in the latter part of December, 1913, Division President William L. Davis visited both Baltimore and Washington for the purpose of presenting the N. F. S. D. to the consideration of the deaf of those cities. And within two months therefrom, enough applicants have been received to permit the immediate organization of a good-sized division. We wish our Baltimore and Washington brothers the best of fraternal wishes.

By the marriage of Mr. Abraham Silnutzer to Miss Sophia Solov, of Boston, Mass., a charming lady has been brought into the deaf community here. His Frat friends, in a spirit of good-will, presented him with a large, handsome cut-glass pitcher at the last meeting of the Division, on March the Sixth.

Miss Carolina T. Stetser, a graduate of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, was married to Mr. William J. Craig, (a hearing man) on Thursday evening, March 5th, 1914, at Collingswood, N. J. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, and was witnessed by Mr. Alexander Craig, a brother of the groom, and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens, and Miss Mae E. Stemple. Miss Stetser had served as housekeeper for the brothers for the last few years and had performed her work so intelligently and satisfactorily that the marriage resulted. Both the Craig brothers are bank watchmen in Philadelphia.

After having been shy of Cupid so long that we had almost been led to believe that no dart, however well aimed, could ever make a successful mark of him, we now have the pleasing assurance that Mr. Henry Blanckensee has surrendered to the charms of Miss Esther Zucker. The formal betrothment took place at a party given in honor of the event on the evening of February 22nd., last, at the home of the young lady's parents in this city. According to the Hebrew custom, the betrothal was also an occasion for showering gifts and congratulations upon the pair.

The Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders joined a party of neighbors on a trip to Bermuda, sailing from New York on the Twelfth of March. They will spend about a fortnight at the cottage of a sister of Mrs. Sanders.

Mr. Charles E. Dana, a distinguished citizen of Philadelphia, died recently. He was a Director of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, since 1890, and a Vice-President at the time of his death; a painter of high repute, an antiquarian and historian, and the author of *Glimpses of English History*, which formed a series of articles in the *Mt. Airy World* for several years past. In his busy life he yet took a

deep interest in the educational work of the School so that his loss is keenly felt by the Directors, teachers, and pupils.

After spending six weeks in Philadelphia with Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mrs. George S. Davis, of Rochester, N. Y., returned home on the Sixth of March, delighted with her visit.

A sweet little maiden came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Brady on the morning of March the Third, and, needless to say, she is being tenderly cared for. She has since been christened Eleanor Frances Brady.

On Saturday evening, March 21st, at ALL Souls' Lecture Hall, Mr. Winfield E. Marshall, of Washington, D. C., gave a dramatic reading of "Marcus Antony," using also stereopticon views. Mr. Marshall has an interesting style of delivery, and his effort was very well appreciated. This event was under the auspices of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf.

"Laurent Clerc," the first deaf teacher in America, was the subject of a lecture given by Mr. J. S. Reider before the Berks County Local Branch, Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, on Saturday evening, March 21st, at Reading, Pa.

Weekly Lenten services are held at All Souls' Church for the Deaf, and Pastor Dantzer uses the stereopticon to give his subjects additional interest. The attendance is generally good.

Mr. Wesley Breese, of Middletown, N. Y., was in Philadelphia enroute to Baltimore on the First of March.

TO THOSE WHO WOULD COME

Letters come to us from time to time from deaf people wanting information about California, and the chances of making a living here. Personally, I wish that all the Eastern deaf might visit California, and even live here, but there is so much to learn about this country that Eastern people never hear about, I have never encouraged the deaf to come here if they are dependent upon their own skill and ability for making a living. It is a very hard place to get a start in life. The country is overrun with idle people who came here as a result of the luring advertisements sent out by the railroads and the real estate men.

Conditions and laws here are vastly different from those back East; there are very few manufacturing because water is scarce and too high to make manufacturing profitable. Japanese, Chinese, Mexican, and other foreign labor has a firm hold, and the native white people cannot compete with them. This foreign labor monopolizes the agricultural districts.

Farming land is very high, and the water is all under control, unless you sink your own well and instal a costly pumping and irrigating system. An orange grove is a very expensive thing to grow and to keep, and requires expert handling. Soils are very puzzling and climate differs every few miles on account of mountain ranges and air currents.

The deaf who are skilled in any line of work stand a good chance of getting employment, but unskilled labor is a drug on the business world.

As a rule, living is high, but the state of health is better, and where we have paid more for some of the necessities of life, we have saved in doctor's bills.

The beauty, the wonders, the charm of the country are worth a long journey to see, and all who can afford it should come, but—bring enough money to cover the return trip. Thousands come here annually firmly of the belief that when they once set foot on this charmed soil, under the never-failing sunshine, life henceforth will be a dream materialized. Alas, the dream too often is of the nightmare sort, and it is realized!

HOWARD L. TERRY.

Alarm Clocks Without Sound, Door Bells Without Ring, and Telephone that Will Serve the Deaf



MR. SHAW'S EXHIBITION AT THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL.



SEEMING impossibility became an accomplished fact before an audience composed of all our pupils in the chapel last Saturday night, when William E. Shaw, a deaf gentleman of West Orange, flashed message after message upon an especially designed board in their presence. The apparently difficult problem was solved in the simplest manner, and the large audience present, after seeing it explained, wondered that it had not been solved long ago.

On a board, which may be hung anywhere Mr. Shaw has placed 36 incandescent lamps. Over each lamp is a letter of the alphabet, the letters being arranged in their order. Over others are the numerals, similarly arranged. Wires extend from these lamps to the keyboard, where the person desiring to converse sits, and he conveys his message by pressing upon the various keys. The lighting of the lamp indicates the letter or figure desired, and messages may be conveyed with ease and rapidity. The keyboard is connected with the electric lighting circuit in a residence, and where a house is not wired for electricity batteries of sufficient power will provide the current as well. Mr. Shaw's first inspiration came from a desire to communicate from a distance with his wife in some manner that would be as easy and as convenient as it is for hearing persons to talk over the ordinary telephone, and he feels that he has placed a ready means within the reach of the deaf everywhere.

Another boon to the deaf invented by the lecturer, and shown, was an alarm clock that could be rigged to awaken a sleeper by causing the pillow under his head to bounce up and down in such a way as to make sleep impossible. The basis of this arrangement is an ordinary alarm clock, and it can be arranged to drop a hammer on a match that will light the gas and thus call a person who does not sleep very soundly; or release a weight that falls on a cap and makes a report that will call one with any vestige of hearing. It can also be arranged to give warnings of burglars or fires.

Another device exhibited was an arrangement by which a restless child, disturbing its covering dropped a sort of trigger which turned on the lights or shook the pillow to call the parents.

A door bell exhibited had connections that caused the fall of a weight producing a jar that called the deaf occupants of the house to the door; or could be so arranged as to turn on a single colored light or all the lights in the house, and if desired could be attached to the alarm,

connected with the pillow and so awaken the family at night.

A number of other appliances were shown adapted especially to the uses of the deaf, and the exhibit as a whole was one of the greatest interest to this class of the community.

Mr. Shaw holds a position at the Edison plant. He was previously connected for some years with the Public Service Corporation, and he has devoted his whole life, since graduating at school, to electrical work. His home is littered with mechanical contrivances, and his holidays, as well as his workdays are devoted to the planning of devices that shall be of assistance to his fellow deaf. While some of these devices have been patented, none have been commercialized, his only thought thus far having been the uplift of those bereft of hearing.

Mr. Shaw advocated very strongly the establishment of electrical departments for the instruction of pupils in schools for the deaf, stating that there was no field for their activities more wide or promising than the field in which Mr. Edison was working, and in which he is holding an humble place.

A treasured possession of Mr. Shaw's is a letter from Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, in which he says: "It affords me pleasure to know that you are following inventions for the benefit of the deaf, and to the best of my recollection you are the first deaf person to pursue such a course. You are indeed to be commended, and I trust your efforts will avail most gratifying results, both for yourself and the deaf."

The late Bishop Phillips Brooks also was much interested in Mr. Shaw's efforts to benefit his fellow sufferers.

With Mr. Shaw, as his assistant was his son, William E. Shaw, Jr., a bright speaking and hearing boy, who is following in his father's footsteps. William, by the way, was some years ago the subject of a nice point at law, his maternal grandmother having claimed him on the ground that his father, being deaf, was not a fit custodian for him, the court quickly ruling, after a careful inquiry into the facts, that deafness did not affect paternal love or parental care, and that he could be in no better hands than in those of his devoted father.

The effects of opposition are wonderful. There are men who rise refreshed on hearing of a threat; men to whom a crisis which intimidates and paralyzes the majority—demanding, not the faculties of prudence and thrift, but comprehension, immovableness, the readiness of sacrifice,—come graceful and beloved as a bride.—Emerson.

FROM A DISINTERESTED READER

I like the SILENT WORKER very much, and think it grows better every month.

Undoubtedly you receive this same sentence in a great many letters from other people, but it means more from me, for I have no acquaintance among the deaf and can not understand the gossip, therefore do not care for the WORKER for the news it brings, but for the sensible articles it publishes.

Middle. Yvonne Pitrois' articles are very nice; they make one realize the truth of that time-worn phrase, "All the world is akin."

Her life of Abbe de l'Epee was more than interesting.

Mr. Pach's department is good, and once, at least for me, it was profitable.

About a year ago he gave the WORKER readers a letter from Mr. M. R. Hutchison, the man who invented the acousticon, the first of the many electrical devices for the hard-of-hearing.

In this letter Mr. Hutchison said he thought an instrument could be made that would be a great improvement on anything now to be had, and he intended, before long, to try and work it out. At least this was the sense of the letter. It is needless to say that I treasured this for I am not absolutely deaf. My hearing has been slowly growing worse for years, and during this time I have tried many hearing devices, but have never received much help from any of them. I had finally become so deaf strangers had to write to me and I had made up my mind to pay \$60 or \$75 for an acousticon. But when I read Mr. Hutchison's letter, my mother urged me to write to him and ask if he would soon invent a new hearing device, for she said it would be better for me to wait and get the best.

He very kindly answered my letter, and suggested that I try one he had designed a short time ago for a Telephone Co. in Rochester, N. Y. I did so, and found that for me it was just as good as those that cost much more. It is only \$25.00. It is not perfect by any means, and has not restored my hearing, but it is an improvement on any thing I had tried before, and I feel grateful to the SILENT WORKER and Mr. Pach for indirectly aiding me to find it.

I can not close this without saying a few words in commendation of "Heart-to-Heart Talks." I am not a teacher and never have been except for a few months, as a girl, before my hearing failed.

But being deaf I am intensely interested in every thing connected with the deaf, and especially how they are taught. In the December number C. E. C. touches on something that has puzzled me ever since I began reading about the deaf,—that is, why do not the signs follow spoken English. Remember, I do not understand signs well enough to follow deaf people, and can not say from personal knowledge how they use them but, since I came here six years ago, I have read most of the *Annals*, all the school papers I could get, and have Mr. Long's Dictionary of Signs. And the main contention of the Oralists seems to be, that signs spoil the deaf child's English. Now, if they were as carefully taught as is speech to the hearing why should they, any more than vocal speech, spoil our written English?

But if there is truth in this assertion of the oralists, might it not be due as much to the way in which they were taught, as to the deficiency of the signs themselves. A writer in a back number of the *Annals* says (I quote from memory) that the sign-language is deficient because the great majority of the people who use it have few ideas to express. But I can not see why that would prevent its enlargement to meet the needs of those who have a greater range of thought. The ordinary hearing person has a relatively small vocabulary. I am, of course, referring to that great majority, whose literature is composed mainly of the news items in the local daily and whose literary efforts are confined to an occa-

sional letter. It is almost impossible for these people to set down their thoughts in writing, and they will resort to almost any means rather than try to do so. Yet I have never read or heard of any one saying that vocal speech hurt the hearing person's power to express himself in writing. Of course there is much greater necessity for the deaf to be able to write fluently and correctly.

It seems to me that it is the duty of the deaf teachers in every school to try and raise the sign-language, if it can be raised, to the point where there can be no thought of its spoiling any child's English.

I say deaf teachers, because, first, you are at the fountainhead and as long as they live the children will use the same signs in the same manner as they were taught in school, and, second, because no hearing person can feel the necessity of the signs as all of you seem to do.

I wish more of the teachers would write of their methods, that is, if they could do it as interestingly as C. E. C. does.

LUCY TAYLOR.

FLINT, MICH.

THE CONVENTION OF AMERICAN INSTRUCTORS OF THE DEAF WILL BE HELD IN STAUNTON, VA., BEGINNING JUNE 25, 1914

Staunton, the birthplace of President Wilson, with a population of 12,000, is situated in the Shenandoah Valley midway between the Alleghany and the Blue Ridge Mountains at the junction of the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroads. The Norfolk and Western intersects the Chesapeake and Ohio at Basic City only twelve miles from Staunton.

The National Automobile Highway from New York City to Atlanta also passes through Staunton.

Staunton is 1500 feet above sea level, and the summer temperature is generally delightful, and summer resorts dotted around on the foot-hills of our mountains are very numerous. Besides having many attractions of its own, it is within easy reach of many very interesting places.

Monticello, the home of Jefferson, is at Charlottesville, only 40 miles away, which is also the seat of the University of Virginia. At Lexington, 35 miles distant, are the tombs of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, marked by handsome monuments, and there, too, visitors may see the Virginia Military Institute, the West Point of the South, and Washington and Lee University. Farther on in the same direction is Natural Bridge. These places can all be reached by rail or automobile, and the round trip to any of them can be made in a day. The trip to Luray Caverns and back can be made in a day, while it is only an hour's run by automobile to Weyer's Cave, the route leading across the battlefield of Piedmont. Every foot of the Valley between Staunton and the Potomac is historic ground, while Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy, five hours to the Eastward, is the Mecca of American as well as of European tourists.

Rates of Board

For those who take dormitories (each), \$1.25 per day, \$8.00 per week, \$9.00 for 8 days.

For those who go two-to-a-room (each), \$1.75 per day, \$11.00 per week, \$12.00 for 8 days.

Accommodations will be procured in the City at from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day for those who desire single rooms. Daily rates will be charged for any fraction of a week.

Those taking rooms in the City can reach the School by walking eight or ten squares or by taking the street cars.

Accommodations will be reserved in the order in which the applications are received, and all are requested to specify definitely whether accommodations are wanted in the dormitories of the School, in double rooms, or at some boarding house or hotel of the City. The double rooms

are, for the most part, furnished with two single beds.

It will hardly be practicable to reserve the half of a double room for a single person, but each delegate wishing to occupy a double room should unite with some friend and the two apply for the room jointly.

Baggage

Baggage will be hauled for all who board at the School at 25 cents on each piece (large or small) for the TWO ways where checks are delivered to an Agent of the School who will be at the railroad stations conspicuously badged. Each delegate is requested to pay this 25 cents at the station to the School Agent who will return to the delegate a paper check which will serve as a voucher for both the 25 cents and the piece of baggage which will be delivered to his room at the School without further trouble.

Each delegate will please write his name on his baggage check, if it be paper, or, if it be metal, he will please get a paper tag from the School Agent write his name on it and tie it to his metal check before delivering it to the School Agent. Where checks are delivered to any other party than a representative of the School there will be a charge of 25 cents each way.

If for any cause a School Agent is not readily found at the Station the baggage checks may be brought to the School and handed in at the office.

The delegates are requested to register immediately upon arrival at the School.

The School is situated in the suburbs of the City, six squares from the depots. Street cars in easy reach from the depots run to the front gate of the School lawn.

WM. A. BOWLES, Supt.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

Another International Correspondence Club for the Deaf; and the proposal comes from Australia. Well, they are a progressive people, surely. So, perhaps, you will say, dear Mr. Editor of the Silent Worker, when you have finished reading this letter.

My good friend, Mr. Alex. Williamson, of Victoria, whose name is not unknown to you, I fancy, has been urging me to let Australia have the honor and glory of inaugurating the second International Deaf Correspondents Club in the world, and other prominent deaf people, notably the Rev. J. Bodvan Anwyl, appear to think that there is room and welcome for it.

I am strongly tempted in that direction and not without qualms, for my time is already so fully occupied that something is bound to "bust" when extra pressure is put on, but I have made up my mind to take the risks, for the good it will surely do me, and the benefit I am sure it will be to those who join it.

My idea is to start a club (for deaf members only) of which each member, besides writing a chatty letter on current events in his or her own locality, might be induced to enclose with it each time a bit of original work, a short sketch, a few verses, a drawing or a funny story well told, to invite honest and friendly criticism of the same from other members, the idea being to foster and train a sound literary taste; also, each member might be asked to criticise well known books of the day, but the original work idea will not be made binding on any member.

For the enlightenment of any one who does not understand how a correspondents club works, I may say that, given the names and addresses of ten or twelve members, (the limit) numbered in order, I set the ball rolling here by writing a letter to the second member on the list, in California, and enclose, besides other matter, a list of members to be kept. He or she reads, writes and encloses story, verse or what not, and sends the budget on, inside two weeks, to third member, in Canada, who does likewise and forwards

the swelling budget to No. 4 in the United States and so on; when the budget gets back to me I write a fresh letter, story or verses, and abstract my first letter and enclosures, and each member is asked to do the same and keep his or her enclosures safely until asked for it for publication, but each member will be at liberty to refuse it for that purpose.

This is Queensland, the largest but one of the States of the Commonwealth of Australasia and the route I propose from here is (in the order named but subject to alteration) from Queensland to California, United States, Canada, then across the Atlantic to the three British Isles, with perhaps a member in each, France, Germany, Egypt, India, and back to Queensland via Suez. The Cosmopolitan Club, I understand, ends where I begin, so that the two clubs will be working in opposite directions.

If I get a member in each of the countries named it will make the limit, twelve, but if I get none in Germany, Egypt and India, I shall pick four instead of two in the United States.

This letter, be it understood, is an invitation to correspondents in the United States, and Canada.

My good friend, Mrs. J. E. Muir, of the Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club, has got the flower of American correspondents; let me see if there are still some left. I hear rumours of a very desirable correspondent in the Winnipeg School, Canada, and there are clever folk in California whom I could name. I know a lot about my clever cousins and I want them to help in forming a magic ring of Deaf literature round the globe.

The stories, verses, etc., I could propose publishing in magazine form, perhaps by subscription, for the good of the Deaf, but that part of my plan is still undeveloped and I am open to suggestion.

And watch the Silent Worker for further information, that is if you Mr. Editor will be so good as you always are to me and other Australians.

Intending members will please send their names and addresses to me.

MISS M. OVEREND WILSON,

578 Leichhardt Street,

BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALASIA.

INDEPENDENCE OF THE EDUCATED DEAF

It is characteristic of the deaf to be independent, and if you will give a deaf men even half a chance, he will take care of himself. Taken as a class, the deaf are so courageous in their efforts, as faithful in service and as square in their dealing as any people in the world. This is due in great measure to the training they receive in the schools provided for them, and the money spent in establishing and supporting these schools is among the very best investments that a state can make.—*Virginia Guide*.

Speaking of deaf chauffeurs, we have several in our state, and so far we have never heard of their meeting with any serious accidents. Among them are J. B. A. Bonoit, of Benson, Minn., who owns a garage and general repair shop, and is an expert in all kinds of auto work, Frank Walser, of Minnesota Lake, who owns and runs an auto, Leo Wolter, of Osseo, who recently bought an auto and runs it himself, Ed Brinkman, of Bemidji, who runs his father's auto, Ed Miland, of North Yakima, Wash., a Minnesota boy who can run his father's auto. Grant Martin and Oscar Larson, of Staples, bought an old auto, fixed it up and ran it for a long time though we do not know if they still have it. There may be others in the state of whom we have not heard, but should be glad to, if any of our readers can give us the information. By the way, Mr. Bonoit mentioned above, was employed as chauffeur by one of a party in an extensive auto tour through the state two summers ago.—*The (Minn.) Companion*.

Let not the enjoyment of pleasures now within your grasp be carried to such excess as to incapacitate you from future reputation.—*Seneca*.



By Miss Petra T. Fandrem, Duluth, Minn.

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men goes by;
The men that are good, the men that are bad—
As good and as bad as I.
For why should I sit in the scoffer's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."—*Selected.*

WHEN some of these quiet, steady going fellows get started, there is no telling what they will do. Take Mr. Stafford for instance. He never had much to say on the Oral Question until he was wound up and ever since he has been going at a good gait. The last number of the *Faribault* (Minn.) *Republican* contains a long article by Mr. Stafford, on "Teaching the Dumb to Speak." Another article, on the same order as Mr. Stafford's, by Mr. J. S. S. Bowen of Minneapolis, appeared in the *Faribault Journal*. Both of these were in response to an article published a short time ago by a man who had had a LITTLE experience with the deaf and who claimed that they were better fitted to earn their living now-a-days than they were before the spread of oralism. Where he received his inspiration for this article we can well guess. But this is not the point we are driving at. The fact is that the deaf all over the State of Minnesota are up in arms against the oral method. Articles by the deaf are appearing in almost every paper in the Twin Cities, Faribault, Duluth and many other towns. This seems to us to be the right way to go about it. The only way to attract public attention without going into personalities. If other states would go about the matter in this way much good would be accomplished.

Hereafter when we are handed a lemon, or lemons as is often the case, we will turn to the article in *The Messenger* on the value and use of lemons and will console ourselves with being glad we haven't any use for a lemon—except to pass it on.

SPEAR POINTS—we see now—spears are mighty awkward things to handle and we don't think much fighting was ever done with them.

The Washingtonian is about the only paper that comes into our office as "marked copy", and at that it is so marked that we have to start at the beginning and read clear through. We wonder if this is conceit on the part of the editor or if he only finds it easier to mark the whole paper than to go over it and carefully select those articles he thinks we would care to read.

Harry C. Ware, of Ohio, (whoever he be), is coming to the front with a novel idea—that is he thinks it is. He proposes to found a "MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY OF THE DEAF." He seems to be in complete ignorance as to what the N. A. D. is and stands for. Doesn't the Ohio Association satisfy his wants? This isn't much of a compliment to A. B. Greener who has been on the job all the time striving to get the deaf of Ohio interested in the N. A. D. Articles published in the *Chronicle* by Mr. Greener have been a "concise explanation regarding the aims" of the N. A. D. Any man, who is not interested enough in the deaf in general to care to learn what their most useful association stands for, certainly had better not think of starting an association by himself. Although a new association may for a time be boomed up, it will soon become an everyday thing. It takes years of work and experience for an as-

THE SILENT WORKER

sociation to earn the place that the N. A. D. has. This Mr. Ware, likely, never felt any personal gratitude to the N. A. D. and some people cannot see the good of a thing unless they derive some help from it personally. BEWARE! Mr. Ware, that your proposed association does not become another American Federation of the Deaf.

Some one has suggested that the name of this department be changed to "Review of reviews department." That is exactly what we are trying to conduct and we marvel that you guessed it.

MUTE

(In Short Words)

Not a word to tell her tale,
Just a smile or frown or nod,
Yet the girl led through the dale
Man and boy where none had trod.

She had known as in a dream
Where the gold lay in the hill,
Took us straight to where its gleam
Shone on bank and bed of rill.

Who she was, she could not say;
Whence she came, we could not guess;
But our camp she taught to pray
As we grew her faith to bless.

She would kneel and face the South,
Stretch her arms up to the sky;
Spoke no word that firm, sweet mouth,
Yet we felt her heart's strong cry.

Felt it in our own hearts' stir,
Grew in grace each day more young,
Till we knew that God sent her,
Proof that voice need not have tongue.

Mute, yet what a world of speech
In her way so plain and pure;
With what ease she made us reach
That new life so strong and sure.

Left us ere the months of snow
Bound us close to mine and camp;
Yet each night we saw a glow
In the sky as though her lamp

Had been set to guide our feet,
And we heard notes like a lute,
And we knew that life was sweet
Where she spoke and sang, though mute.

WALTER IRVING CLARKE.

A certain southern editor, not our esteemed Kentucky contemporary, made the philosophical statement that "a pair of patched trousers often cover an honest heart." It would seem that there is a crying need for a better teaching of anatomy in southern schools.—*Minn. Companion.*

We are sorry to see that the editor of the *Companion* is still in bondage to the old anatomical superstition that the heart has an unchanging abiding place. How readest thou: "My heart was in my mouth;" "My heart was lifted up;" "He has lost his heart;" "His heart sank."

There be more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than dreamed of in your philosophy."

One of our exchanges tells of a young girl who while giving a story entitled "Noses" before the literary society, made the sign for cutting off a nose so many times that her own nose began to bleed. This is evidence of how natural signs are.

DEAFNESS AS A BAR

An exchange remarks: "Deafness is no bar to success," and in our zeal to encourage pupils or impress upon a doubting world the fact that the deaf

are able to take care of themselves, many of us have said the same thing.

Having had considerable experience along this line however, we are inclined to think that deafness is a bar in most things in life. It is not always an insurmountable bar and is greater or lesser according to circumstances and the individual. And there may be certain compensations so that one who is deaf need not sit down and cry about it.

Why not frankly admit that deafness is a disadvantage, for in fact, there are very few instances in which it is not. But the deaf man or woman sometimes has other qualities, or possesses a peculiar skill which will help him to overcome or surmount the disadvantage.

Let us not say to our boys and girls, "Never mind your deafness; you are in every way as well qualified for success as your hearing brother or sister, and in every way his or her equal." This is not so. Rather let us say to them, "Do not let your deafness discourage you: you are handicapped; many have overcome this handicap and you can scale the bar if you try. You can scale the bar if you fit yourself right; some vocations are closed to you; devote yourself to those that are open and command success by ability and hard work and retain it by eternal vigilance."

Anyhow, we think it is wrong to tell a deaf child that his deafness does not amount to anything and does not stand in his way to success. Teach him how to get around it.—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

We wish to assure our readers that we very much regret the ignorance displayed by our "sub." It was unpardonable and we will see to it that it never happens again.

The Observer is still Spear Pointing. More so than ever, for there are two articles this time. It is well that the editor came out with an explanation as there was some talk going around to the effect that he was not acting fair and square, and we are glad to learn that despite the fact that Spear usually was given the first page of the paper that the editor was agreeing with him. We had not really thought he was, but sometimes you can't tell what a fellow thinks.

The series of entertainments recently given in St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minn., for the benefit of the De l'Epee Fund were a great success. The address by Rev. Father Donahoe, given at each entertainment, was one worth reading and hearing. He said in part:—"It is only those who use the sign-language who realize its full value. It is more expressive than spoken language. * * * It is to be noticed that the advocates of the manual method of training do not condemn the oral. * * * There are many persons who regard the deaf as dependents. This is unjust. They are as far from being dependents as their speaking neighbors. Every one who knows the deaf well must admire their energy. They are found in nearly all avocations and succeed admirably in competition with their hearing co-laborers."

Father Donahoe is a very busy man and yet he finds time to visit with the deaf and to learn their language.

The school enrollment at the Washington School for the Deaf is only 129 and out of these 124 took part in a play, or films." This certainly speaks well for the school. Could any oral school do as much? We have long known that the Washington School was one where every one worked together. The spirit of harmony prevails and life there must be very pleasant. While enjoying life to its fullest the children are learning things that are going to help them much more than if they learned nothing except what is contained in books. One thing that we notice particularly is that graduates and even students at the school have a very good command of the English language. I would be willing to bet my salary for the next year that the pupils in an oral school could not give half of the play mentioned above and enjoy it one-fourth as much as the pupils at the Washington School did.

If there was not a method in the (supposed) madness of supporters of the Combined System I wonder where we would be at.

O, brother man! fold to thy heart thy brother, where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.—*Whittier.*

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(Continued from page 127)

come nearer the object which I can feel but cannot describe, for which alone your Beethoven lives. No more rest for him!"

At times he complains, "How can I the great musician, say to people; Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf?—I who ought to have—and have had—ears finer than all others!" At one of the last of his concerts he stood behind the leader in the orchestra, his back to the audience, his head bowed, arms folded, and at the close he had no idea of the tumults of applause until the conductor gently turned him around so that he could see the wild enthusiasm.

Archduke Rudolf, of Austria, gave to Beethoven an ample pension, but in money matters the musician was a child, robbed and cheated by every unscrupulous rascal; and he lived and died poor. He was generous to a fault to friends and relatives, and by some of the latter he was rewarded with every ingratitude. As he was in sore straits of need just before his last illness, a friend in London raised \$500 by a benefit concert of his work. Beethoven's joy on receiving this token was touching; with tears in his eyes, he fervently cried out, "God bless them!"

However, means, comfort, health, all were as nothing compared to his beloved music, that wonderful music, which contains such inexhaustible possibilities, reflections of every mood. The better we understand these harmonies, the better we know the grand soul of the composer.

On March 26, 1827, in Vienna, Beethoven lay ill and unconscious. The last rites of the church had been administered. A fierce storm was raging. Suddenly a terrific crash of thunder shook the house to trembling. The sick man opened his eyes, flashed from their cavernous depths a solemn look at the watchers by the bedside, and shaking aloft his clenched fist, he exclaimed: "I shall hear in heaven!" Thus on the mighty wings of the storm passed out the regal spirit of Beethoven to join

"The choir of invisible
Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

—Adelaide B. Stillwell in *Volta Review*.

NOTES OF THE W. A. BRADY PRODUCTIONS

One of the odd features about Frank Craven's new comedy, "Too Many Cooks," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, is the note of surprise it has awakened that nobody ever thought of the theme before. So many misguided souls have gone the troubled way of the country home builder that it really is difficult to account for the long avoidance of the topic by constantly groping dramatists. That Mr. Craven has touched great numbers of persons "right where they live" is apparent to all frequenters of the lobby between acts, where home rearing reminiscences suggested by comic episodes just witnessed upon the stage are related with the utmost vivacity. It seems as though everybody either had met with actual personal experience in this particular line of grief or had friends who were familiar with the route—and doubtless it is this very intimacy that has given such quick impetus to the new piece. "Too Many Cooks" was placed in its present surroundings with the idea that it was best suited to a theatre of the "intimate" type, but it may fairly be presumed that the management now wishes a considerably more roomy structure might have been chosen, since the demand for seats quite obviously is greatly in excess of the visible supply. As for Mr. Craven, the road to affluence lies broad before him. What with his salary as principal actor in "Too Many Cooks" and his royalties as author, he well may contemplate the advantage of being a wise man and living in one of the houses which we are told are built by fools for the occupancy of the far seeing.

"The Things That Count," at the Playhouse, will remain in New York until the end of the season, possibly running well on into the Summer. The play

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service appeals most strongly to the prospective traveler in the West. To those who contemplate attending the conventions of the **National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at Omaha, Neb.,** and the **National Association of the Deaf at San Francisco, Cal.,** in August, 1915, the appeal is still more emphatic.

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now is drawing houses which remind the staff of the zenith nights of "Bought and Paid For," when the theatre often held more persons than the architects thought at all possible—thereby giving Mr. Brady a number of pleasant surprises. The manager is on the point of issuing an illustrated pamphlet containing the impressions of some hundreds of well known men and women concerning the play which concededly has been the prime factor in turning back the public's taste from the morbid drama of the purlieus to plays about reputable personages and the happenings of sanity. The writers of these letters are clergymen of every denomination, educational department heads, teachers, newspaper writers, bankers, actors and persons of prominence in general, representing almost every walk of life. The little book, illuminated with pictures from the drama, shows the very wide interest in "The Things That Count," as a play and also in regard to the extraordinary influence it has exercised upon the theatre going throng. It will be mailed without cost to all who may write for it.

DOUGLAS TILDEN AND GRANVILLE REMOND

Douglas Tilden designed a colossus "God of Fear," which was erected in the Bohemian club's famous grove on Russian river this summer in connection with a play to be given by that body. It was impressive and the play was a success in every respect. Granville Redmond took part in the play as one of the spectres of false gods and his acting was heartily applauded. Both of the deaf celebrities are members of the club.—*California News*.

Pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance; with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket.—*Goldsmith*.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much and cost little.—*Fuller*.

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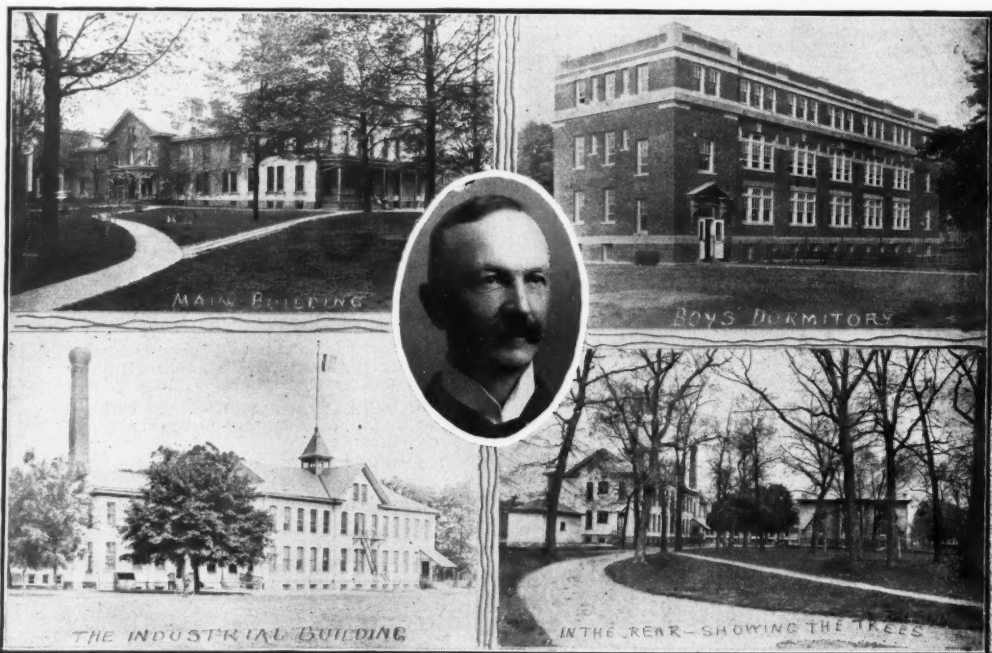
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